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The night of toil

DEAVAN L. PIERSON

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SEE PAGE 19.



THE
NIGHT OF TOLL;

OR,

A FAMILIAR ACCOUNT

OF THE

LABORS OF THE FIRST MISSIONARIES

IN

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PEEP OF DAY."

Evell Lee & Bevan, Martine

Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net.—LUKE 5:5

ABRIDGED

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P R E F A C E .

THE moral change that has lately taken place in the South Sea Islands has attracted general attention. As it appeared desirable to present the history of this change in a form acceptable to youth, the particulars have been carefully collected from various sources, especially from the journals and letters of the missionaries, published in the seven volumes of "Missionary Transactions," and "The Quarterly Chronicle." Several more widely circulated works have also been consulted.

No attempt has been made by the slightest exaggeration to heighten the interest of this narrative. It is hoped that its adherence to facts will be a strong recommendation in the eyes of youth, who, while they much prefer narrative to didactic writing, show, by the earnest and oft-repeated inquiry, "Is it true?" that they value truth above fiction. As the habit of reading fiction tends to blunt this salutary predilection, would it not be better to encourage the young to seek relaxation in manual employments, and in active sports, rather than permit them to indulge in this species of reading? A fondness for reading cannot be desirable, if that fondness extends to works that not only indispose to useful studies, but may be the vehicles of much evil. Many fabricators of tales, being destitute of principle, and having it in their power to describe the results of actions to be whatever they please, leave a false and pernicious impression on the

reader's mind. Even those writers of fiction who desire to inculcate a good moral, may unintentionally misrepresent the dealings of God with men. But the narrator of facts walks upon firm ground. He who undertakes to delineate *the dealings of God in his providence*, affords so many instances of *the truth of his word*.

The history of the mission in the South Seas illustrates the doctrines of the depravity of man, of the misery of the wicked, of the blessedness of patient continuance in well-doing, and of the power of God in changing the hearts of the most obdurate. If any refuse to believe the testimony of the Lord in his word, none can deny the evidence of well-authenticated facts. The Scriptures themselves frequently invite us to consider the events of Providence.

“Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.”
Psalm 107 : 43.

No candid and Christian mind will sympathize less in the sufferings, or rejoice less in the success of the devoted missionaries of the South Seas, on account of any slight points of difference in discipline, or in forms of public worship. We should not forget our union with the universal church of Christ ; and when one member suffers, we ought to suffer with it, and when one member is honored, to rejoice with it. 1 Cor. 12 : 26.

When we consider the deep darkness in which the heathen are involved, how insignificant do those shades of sentiment appear which exist among true Christians—shades which will soon be lost in the light of celestial glory.

THE NIGHT OF TOIL.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE OF THE DUFF FROM ENGLAND, AND ITS ARRIVAL AT
TAHITI.

ON the other side of this earth there is an immense tract of water, called the South Seas. It is sprinkled with islands, as the grass is dotted with flowers in spring, or the sky is adorned with stars on a dark night.

I am going to give an account of one of these islands called Ta-hi-ti,* and I shall speak a little of some other islands that lie near it.

Tahiti was first seen by an English captain called Wallis in the year 1767. It is a most beautiful place. In the midst of the island mountains rise that reach the clouds, thick groves grow almost close to the shore, and clear streams run down the mountain sides into the sea.

It is always summer there, while fresh sea-breezes make the air pleasant.

* The name of the island is pronounced as if spelt thus—Tah-hee-tee. The vowels in Tahitian names are called like those in French.

You will desire to know what kind of people lived in this lovely island when Captain Wallis discovered it.

The inhabitants were tall and stout, with brown skins, dark eyes, and glossy black hair. They appeared merry and good-natured, and were generally laughing and playing.

When Captain Wallis returned to England, and described the islands of the South Seas, a great many people wished to see them. Other ships paid visits to Tahiti, and brought back more accounts of it, of the fine fruit-trees that grew there, and of the pleasant life the inhabitants led. There were some persons, however, who read these accounts with great sorrow. You are surprised to learn that any people were sorry to hear of so delightful a place. But wait a little, and you will not be surprised. I have not told you yet the character of the people who lived in Tahiti: they were thieves, liars, and murderers—could they be happy?

There were some people who loved God in England, who were grieved to think of the poor natives of Tahiti. "Ah," thought they, "you may sit beneath your spreading trees, eating the golden bread-fruit, or drinking the sweet milk of the cocoa-nut; but how can you be happy when you know not of the paradise above, nor of the Saviour who can wash out your many crimes in his blood? for soon death

will snatch you from your sunny isle, and bring you before the judgment-seat."

Did these people in England think it enough to grieve for the poor Tahitians? No—they remembered who had said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and they formed a plan to send the Gospel to Tahiti.

Several gentlemen consulted together and collected money, and inquired whether any pious men would go as missionaries to the South Sea Islands.

At last they found thirty men who consented to go. Only four of these men were ministers: the rest understood useful trades. Six of them had wives, who were to go with them, as well as three children belonging to them. The gentlemen who agreed to send them out were called "The Directors of the London Missionary Society," because they met and consulted together in London. They bought a ship called the Duff, and found a very pious captain named Wilson to manage it.

The missionaries embarked from London on the river Thames, August 10, 1796, at six o'clock in the morning. A beautiful flag waved in the wind as they set sail—it was purple, with three doves bearing olive-branches in their bills. It was not a ship of war, but a ship of peace, into which these holy men had entered. As they sailed down the river they sung the hymn beginning,

“ Jesus, at thy command,
We launch into the deep.”

The sailors in the ships they passed listened with surprise to the sweet sounds. Many of their friends stood on the shore, and waved their hands, never expecting to see them more, till they met before God's throne on high.

On March 5, 1797, after a voyage of seven months, they beheld at a great distance the high mountains of Tahiti. The next day, at seven o'clock in the morning, the ship was very near the shore; but as it was the Sabbath, the captain would not land immediately.

The natives of Tahiti saw the ship, and many, jumping into their canoes, soon reached it. About seventy-four canoes, some holding twenty people, surrounded the ship very early.

The captain tried to prevent the natives getting on deck, as he did not wish to have a crowd and confusion in his ship. But the natives easily climbed up the ship's side, for they were most active creatures, and expert climbers and swimmers.

As soon as they were in the ship, they began jumping, laughing, and shouting, to express their joy at the ship's arrival. They hoped to get a quantity of knives, and axes, and useful things—but knew not what heavenly blessings were going to be offered to them.

The missionaries looked at the savage creatures with eagerness, anxious to see what sort of people they were going to live among: and they did not much like their wild appearance, though pleased with their good-natured manners.

The natives had brought a quantity of hogs and fruit with them, which they wished to sell to the ship's company for knives and other things; but no one would buy them, because it was the Sabbath. The missionaries tried to make the natives understand that it was the day of their God, who did not allow them to sell and buy upon it. After a short time most of the Tahitians went back in their canoes; but about forty remained on deck. Here the missionaries determined to have service. While they prayed, the natives watched them in silence. Then they sung a hymn to a charming tune, and while they were singing, the natives were so much enchanted with the sound, that they could hardly refrain from expressing their joy. The hymn begins thus:

“ O'er those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace!
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.”

Afterwards Mr. Cover preached upon “God is love.”

The service was concluded by singing,

“ Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.”

Soon afterwards, two men arrived in a canoe. They were white men from Sweden: one had been shipwrecked, and the other left at Tahiti, a few years before. They were dressed like savages, and their names were Peter and Andrew. The missionaries were glad to see them, because they knew a little English as well as Tahitian; so that they could explain what the natives said, and also tell the missionaries many things about the islands. However, they turned out to be very wicked men; for though they had been born in a Christian land, they were even worse than the heathen.

Peter and Andrew, as well as about thirty of the natives, wished to sleep that night in the ship. The missionaries watched all night by turns, as they were afraid lest their visitors should do some harm. They remained, however, quiet.

Amongst the Tahitians was one old man that seemed to be looked up to by the rest as a great person. He was a high-priest to the idol gods. His name was Mane-mane. He was very anxious to make the captain his friend; because it was a custom in Tahiti to choose some person for a friend, and to make him presents, expecting that he would return the kindness when he could. Mane-mane wished to

have the captain for his friend, because he thought he could get the most from him. At first Captain Wilson refused the honor: but Mane-mane was so anxious to have his wish, that he woke him at daylight to ask him again. Then the captain, knowing that he was soon going away, and afraid of affronting the priest, consented. Mane-mane was delighted, changed names with him, threw a piece of his cloth round the captain, and asked him for a gun. The captain said he had none to spare, but would give him some presents by and by.

As it was now Monday, the captain caused the ship to approach nearer to the shore. Most of the natives in the ship threw themselves into the sea, and swam like fish to land: others came from the shore, and brought hogs and fruit to sell; some of which were bought by the voyagers.

At one o'clock the ship's anchor was cast. It rained so hard that no one left the ship till four o'clock, when the captain, a few of the missionaries, Mane-mane, and the two Swedes, went in a boat to land. The people on shore received the missionaries with delight, showing their joy as they had done before in the ship.

A chief showed the missionaries an empty house, which he said should be given to them. It was very large, about a hundred feet long, but it was not divided into rooms, and had no furniture.

The missionaries now saw what sort of a land they were going to live in. It was more beautiful and fruitful than they could have fancied; yet to them it was like a desert, for it was a heathen land, in which no pleasant fruits of righteousness grew, but only the poisonous weeds of sin. They hoped, however, by their teaching, through God's Spirit, it would become like Eden, the garden of the Lord.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT THE MISSIONARIES DID DURING THE FIRST WEEK THEY SPENT AT TAHITI.

AT eleven o'clock the next morning, the captain and a few missionaries again went on shore in their boats with Mane-mane and Peter. The natives, who had crowded on the beach to look at them, when they saw them approaching, ran into the sea to meet them, dragged the boats towards the shore, and taking the captain and missionaries on their shoulders, carried them to land; so great was their delight at their arrival.

On the beach the king and queen of Tahiti were waiting. They were both riding on men's shoulders, for it was the custom of the country that the king and queen should never touch the ground, except when they were at home in their own houses; and as there were no animals larger than pigs in the island, they could only be carried by men. It was reckoned a great honor to ride in this manner, and one which none of the natives but the king and queen were allowed to have. When the king and queen made a journey, men came with them to help those who carried them, when they were tired; and in changing from one to another, the king and queen

never let their feet touch the ground, but jumped over the head of one man on to the shoulders of the other. The reason they never touched the ground when on a journey was, that whatever land they touched became their own, and their people would have been angry if they had taken away their lands or houses.

The king's name was Otu. He was about twenty years old. He had a dull and grave look, and did not seem so amiable as the Tahitians in general. The queen was only fifteen, and not grave like her husband.

The captain told the king, and Peter interpreted what he said, that the missionaries were come to instruct his people in what would do them good, and that this had been their only reason for leaving England; he then asked the king to give them a large piece of land, full of fruit-trees, where they might live and build houses. He told him also, that the missionaries would never fight either for him or against him, but would always be friendly to him, and only wanted him to promise not to hurt them.

The king promised to do as the captain wished. He said that the large house that had been given to them, belonged to him, and that he would give it to them, as well as a large piece of land. Otu, without dismounting, took the captain by the hand, and led him to the house, and then back to the beach, and

so from one place to another, till the captain was tired, and said he must return to the ship. Before they parted, Otu asked him to let the guns he had brought with him be fired. The captain ordered them all four to be fired twice, and then went back with the missionaries to the ship.

The same evening the king and queen came to the ship, each in a small canoe, accompanied by a servant. They refused to come on deck, saying, that if they touched the ship it would be theirs, and none but their own servants might eat or dwell there afterwards. As the captain could not spare his ship, he did not press them to come.

Wishing to please them, he offered to have the great guns fired; but the king said he was afraid of so loud a noise, and that it would hurt his ears. The king and queen then told the captain that they had heard there were some white women and children in the ship, and that they wished very much to see them, as they had never seen any. I suppose that this was their reason for coming that evening to the ship. The women and little children came to the ship's side, where they could be seen by the king and queen. Little Sammy Hassel was a babe in arms. At the sight of these white faces the royal pair cried out with wonder and pleasure.

The visitors could not, however, stay longer, for the sky was darkening, and they had only just time

to get to shore before a storm of thunder and lightning came on.

On Wednesday morning it rained so hard that the missionaries could not leave the ship till nine o'clock. They were anxious to get early on shore, because they wanted to begin to get their house ready. They went in a large boat, and took their beds and some of their chests with them, but left the women and children in the ship. The captain and some sailors accompanied them. Numbers of natives were waiting on the shore, anxious to see them land. The king and queen also were there, riding in state as before.

The natives helped to carry the chests and beds to the house, and were ready to assist the missionaries as much as they pleased.

The great work to be done was to divide the house into rooms. The natives went into the woods to gather hollow sticks, called bamboos, which, placed close together, made walls for the rooms. A bedroom was made for each of the missionaries, besides a room for books, another for stores, and another for medicines. A large room at one end was to be used as a chapel. It served also as a hall, for people passed through it to the other rooms.

About noon Mane-mane brought three hogs ready dressed for dinner. He spread a great cloth on the ground; the captain and missionaries sat around it.

and, after asking God's blessing, ate thankfully, without either knife, fork, spoon, table, or chair. It seemed as if they would not soon be in want of food, for they received a quantity of provisions as presents from the natives. The natives had also dressed their visitors in cloth made of the bark of trees, to show them that they were welcome.

The missionaries, when they received these gifts, blessed the gracious Giver of every comfort.

The king and queen were very kind, and held all their hands by turns, and shook hands also with them; then looked at their clothes and examined them. They were very much pleased with Mr. Lewis' umbrella when he spread it out; but they warned him not to hold it over their heads, as it would then become sacred to their use.

During the whole day a company of dancers were playing, dancing, and shouting close by. These dancers were a most wicked set of people. They were called Areois, and spent their whole time in going about from place to place, playing antics of all kinds, to amuse themselves and other people. When they danced, their bodies were blackened over with charcoal, and their faces dyed red with the juice of a plant. They ought to have been punished for their idleness; but instead of that, they were encouraged both by the king and his people. Wherever they went, they were feasted and welcomed; and, not-

with standing their wickedness, they were treated with respect. They even expected, when they died, to go to a very beautiful place at the top of a mountain, where they should always be enjoying themselves. It is dreadful to think what murders they often committed. They would not take the trouble to bring up their little children, but always killed them as soon as they were born; and a great many people in Tahiti followed their horrid example, as you will hear by and by. These idle creatures came near the door of the missionaries' house in the afternoon, and began to box and wrestle, and to knock each other in the face with their heads for sport. Alas, poor ignorant creatures; they lived like the beasts that perish. How sad it is to think that in Christian lands there are people who act like these wicked heathen. The missionaries were grieved at the sight of these dancers and their follies.

The natives had been crowding into the house all day, yet they had not stolen any thing: perhaps they had observed that the missionaries were watching them closely; for, as you have heard before, they were all inclined to thieving, and they even thought there was no harm in it.

When the evening was coming on, the missionaries requested the natives, who were constantly laughing and talking, to be silent, and then they sung a hymn, and one of them prayed. They liked to praise God

before the natives, that these poor heathen might be led to inquire about him.

The missionaries then requested the natives to go away, and not to return till the morning ; and when they were gone, the little band of Christians held their regular family worship alone and undisturbed. They supped upon the remains of their dinner, and for the first time slept on a heathen shore. Their hearts were overflowing with thankfulness to God for having brought them across the ocean to this distant spot, and for having inclined the hearts of strangers to receive them so kindly. All they desired was, that their message might be believed, and that the Lord might be honored by these poor idolaters.

The next day was Thursday. Early in the morning the natives came to the house, and boiled the water, and prepared cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit for the missionaries' breakfast.

The missionaries had not yet finished fitting up the house, so that they continued to work hard. However, they went to the ship to dinner, and some of the natives went with them. Otu went in his canoe ; but not being able, on account of his sacredness, to enter the ship, he remained paddling near in his canoe, and called out for something to eat. The captain sent him half a roast pig in a dish, and some biscuit. Otu, highly delighted, paddled to the shore with his present.

The missionaries returned after dinner to their work ; but they did not find the natives so active as before. They were now tired of fetching bamboos ; but upon a reward being promised, they brought by evening a good quantity.

So many presents of food arrived, that the missionaries began to fear they should not be able to make as many presents in return as the givers would expect, who they knew were interested, covetous creatures.

On Friday the captain came early from the ship with a box in his boat containing dresses for the king and queen. Otu was on the beach as usual ; for he had a little shed built near, that he might always be at hand. Peter showed Otu the box, and telling him what was in it, asked him to go with them to a place close to his house, in order that he might be able to dismount.

The whole party soon stopped under a tree near the king's shed. The captain asked them all to stand in a ring. He then placed the box in the midst, and requested the king to alight from his seat, that he might be dressed in his new clothes. But the king only answered, " By and by," and continued to look sullenly at the unopened box. The captain, tired of waiting, opened the box and took out the queen's dress. The instant the queen saw it, she jumped off the man's shoulders, and the king followed her example. She put on the cap, and appeared

delighted. The dresses were too small both for her and Otu, who was tall and stout; and it was necessary to rip some of the seams. The clothes were gay, and the crowd around admired the king and queen much when they were dressed in them; but Otu did not care for them, and said that a gun, a knife, or a pair of scissors, would have been of more use. This was not a polite way of receiving a present, but it was a sensible choice to make; indeed, though Otu appeared stupid, he had a good understanding, as you will see hereafter.

Just after the royal pair had been dressed, Mane-mane appeared with some beautiful Tahitian cane in his hand. He called his friend the captain to him, and dressed him in it. They then went together to the missionaries' house, and found the work going on well. As it was now past noon, the old priest accompanied the captain to the ship to dinner.

On Saturday the house was ready for the women and children, although not yet finished; and after dinner they went to the shore in the largest boat. A very great crowd was assembled on the beach, eager to see, what they had never seen before, white women and children. They were all much delighted with their appearance. The king and queen seemed afraid to come near, or to speak to the women; but, on being invited, they accompanied the party to the new house. After the women and children were gone

into it, the crowd still remained outside, and often called to them to show themselves at the door; and their request was granted.

Thus the whole family of missionaries were settled in their new abode on Saturday, just one week after they had caught sight of Tahiti. Then they had been full of anxious fears, not knowing how they should be treated by the savages; but now they blessed God for giving them favor in the eyes of the heathen.

They told the natives, that the next day was the day of the true God; and that they should do no work upon it, nor receive any presents. The natives, however, brought them far more than enough food to last them till Monday. They said to the missionaries, "Shall you pray more than usual to-morrow?" The missionaries told them that they should.

At dusk the natives left the house, as they now always did, without being asked to do so.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE MISSIONARIES FIRST ATTEMPTED TO DO GOOD TO THE NATIVES.

You shall now hear how the missionaries passed their first Sabbath on a heathen shore.

They had service in the chapel of their dwelling in the morning. Many of the natives attended and behaved well, though they understood nothing that was said. The king also was present.

In the afternoon they came again, and then Mr. Jefferson began to speak to them, and Andrew the Swede to interpret each sentence as he spoke it. This was an unpleasant way of preaching, particularly as the Swede was a wicked man, and could not speak affectionately to the people, as a pious man would have done. However, the missionaries were so anxious to declare to the poor heathen the good news of a Saviour, that they could hardly bear to wait till they knew the language themselves.

When the natives saw that Mr. Jefferson was preaching to them, they began to look attentive, and to ask questions in reply. They inquired, "Is this message to the servants, as well as to the king and queen?"

The minister told them it was to all. He also

said, "There is only one true God, and all men have offended him by wickedness; yet he is so merciful that he is willing to forgive all. If any believe his word, he blesses them while they live, and takes them to everlasting happiness."

The king looked very stubborn and unteachable during the service, and it seemed less likely that he should believe than any of the rest.

The missionaries retired to rest again that evening, full of hope that God would incline the hearts of the people to believe his word.

On Monday the captain saw for the first time the grandfather and the father of the king.

Do not you wonder how it was that Otu was king while they were alive? for you know it is the custom in most countries for the son not to reign till the father is dead. But this was not the custom in Tahiti. As soon as a king had a son, the baby became king, unless his father chose to kill him as soon as he was born. The father from that time rode no more on men's shoulders, and he himself showed respect to his own son, as to a king; yet the father still had the *power* of a king, though not all the *honor* of a king.

The father of Otu was called Pomare. He was a very wise man for a heathen. Once he had been only a chief, but he had conquered all the other chiefs in Tahiti, and had become king of the whole island,

as well as of an island near it, called E-i-me-o. He was the largest, tallest man in the whole island, and had a pleasant, cheerful manner. He was still treated with so much respect, that it was thought improper for him to feed himself: when he drank tea in the ship, his servants poured the tea into the saucer, and held it to his mouth.

His wife Idia accompanied him to the ship. She was a tall, strong woman, who had often shed blood in battles.

Oteu, the grandfather, was above seventy years old, and had gray hair and a very long white beard. He was treated with great rudeness by his son Pomare, and his grandson Otu, on account of his age; for it was one of the sinful practices of Tahiti to treat old men with rudeness. Pomare would hardly let the old man come into the captain's cabin when they visited the ship, and tried to make him stay in his canoe. The heathen knew not the command, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man."

Pomare had many great faults. He was very fond of eating and drinking. Once when he dined with the captain, he ate a whole fowl, besides two pounds of pork, and drank a great deal of wine. Another day he drank almost a whole bottle of wine, while he appeared unwilling that Mane-mané, who was as fond of good things as himself, should have one single

• glass. The wine was, of course, poured down his throat by his servants.

Pomare was also very covetous, and did not scruple to tell lies when convenient. He made, indeed, handsome presents, but it was only in the hope of getting more in return. The first day he came to the ship, he brought four large pieces of cloth made of bark, and wrapped them round the captain, besides four more as a present from his wife. A few days afterwards he came again with another piece of cloth, but this time he brought also a large chest. The captain knew well that Pomare intended that he should fill it with presents, but pretending not to understand, he asked him what it was for. Pomare seemed perplexed at the question, being ashamed to own his intention, and said he only wanted to have the lock repaired. The captain then told him to take it to the shore to the missionaries, and that one, who was a blacksmith, would mend it. This answer perplexed Pomare still more; but presently he smiled, as if a lie was no disgrace, and said, "It is for the presents that you will give to me and my wife Idia. Will you take it to your cabin, that my people may not see what I receive?" So Pomare went with his chest into the cabin, and seated himself. The captain then asked him what he would like to have. He seemed at a loss what to choose, but Mane-mane soon helped him, and then he mentioned

* you have to learn the philosophy of
'give and take' in the Pacific.

the following things. Ten axes, five shirts, eight looking-glasses, six pairs of scissors, six knives, fifty nails, and five combs, and the same number of each of those things for his wife; besides an iron pot, a razor, and a blanket for himself. The captain gave him all he asked, and locked the things up in the chest, for the lock was perfectly good. Pomare said he was quite satisfied, but as he walked about the ship, and saw many things lying about belonging to the missionaries, ready to be taken to their house, he wanted some part of all. The missionaries, however, knowing his covetous disposition, gave him very little.

The next Sabbath, at ten o'clock, the missionaries called the natives together under some shady trees near their house. They had placed a long bench there, on which they asked Pomare to sit with them, while the people stood or sat in a circle around.

Pomare had never been present at the Sunday service before. He had been anxious to come, and said that he had dreamed of the book which should be sent from the God of England.

Mr. Cover preached from John 3 : 16. "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Peter the Swede, as usual, interpreted each sentence. The natives were grave and attentive, though they did not understand the real meaning of the message.

Pomare, after service, took Mr. Cover by the hand and said, "Mai-tai, mai-tai," very good, very good.

He was then asked, "Did you understand what was said?"

He replied, "There were once no such things in Tahiti; they are not to be learned at once. I will wait the coming of the god." This answer showed that he did not really understand. He then said, "May I come again?" He was told that he might. He and his wife Idia then dined with the missionaries and departed.

After some time the blacksmith's shop was built, and the missionaries Hodges and Hassel began to work in it; the natives crowded round them, but when they saw the sparks fly from the iron, and heard the water hiss, they were frightened and ran away: however, when their fright was over they returned. Pomare was so delighted with the bellows and forge, that he caught the blacksmith, all dirty as he was, in his arms, and rubbed noses with him, which was the way of showing affection in Tahiti.

The missionaries had a cuckoo clock, which terrified the natives when they first heard it strike. One man brought some bread-fruit to feed the wooden bird with.

The missionaries smiled at these little circumstances; they did not smile, however, but were ready

to weep at the folly of the people respecting their idols. Their favorite god Oro was nothing more than a great log of wood about the size of a man. He was kept in a little shed amongst trees surrounded by a stone wall. In this place there were altars, which were like high tables, and on these lay a quantity of dead pigs, that remained there for months, and filled the air with a horrible odor. This place was called a Marae. Dreadful deeds of cruelty were done in it. Men were sacrificed and hung in large baskets on the trees around, till their flesh was decayed. It was horrible to see a marae, or to come near it. No woman was allowed to approach, as she was not reckoned worthy of the honor; neither was she considered worthy of being a sacrifice.

The priests wished the people to give many things to Oro, because they themselves got all that was given; so they told the people that the gods would get into their food and kill them, if they did not do all they wished. The priests used to speak instead of the gods: they would sometimes take a great bundle of cloth and roll it up like a ball, and get into it, and then say in a squeaking voice, "I am angry, fetch the hogs, kill a man, and my anger will be over." The people knew that the priest was inside the cloth, and yet they were afraid of the god's anger.

They thought that their gods had made the world,

and that one of them had stuck the stars in the sky, and that another very strong god held the sun with ropes, and would not let him go faster than he pleased.

They kept some gods in their houses : in one house the missionaries saw a great many images, each with a sword or hammer in his hand, and they were told by the priests that those gods would kill any one that offended them, unless the offender offered some sacrifice for his crime.

The people fancied their gods were like themselves in disposition. There was one god called Hiro, who they thought protected thieves ; and when they were going to steal, they often promised to give him part of what they should get. A man who had been stealing a pig in the night, would bring a piece of its tail next morning to Hiro, and say, " Here is a piece of the pig I stole last night ; but don't you tell." There was a large stone in the island, behind which they said Hiro hid himself when he was caught stealing, and was ashamed.

The missionaries found to their cost how much the natives resembled the god Hiro. One day a man stole a box for the sake of the nails that fastened it together ; he was caught and shut up by the missionaries for three hours, and was threatened with a worse punishment another time. Pomare, hearing of it, brought a pig to prevent the missionaries being

angry, but of course it was not accepted. No wonder Pomare thought that the missionaries were as covetous as their gods.

The missionaries hired three men as servants to take care of their hogs, which now amounted to seventy, and to help in cooking. These servants soon began to pilfer. One of them, whom they had nursed when he was ill, stole many things, and then left their service. After he was gone, they found out what he had done, and they sent after him and caught him. They reminded him of the kindness they had shown him, and of his behavior in return; his conscience told him it was wrong to be ungrateful, for tears came in his eyes, and he said, "I am a very bad man."

Another day, while Dr. Gillham was bathing, a native stole his clothes; the other missionaries pursued him, and hearing the sound of a drum, thought that he might be dancing, which was the case. A hundred people were with him, who fled when they saw the missionaries. The thief was brought to their house, and chained to a pillar with a padlock; but he not only contrived to get away, but to steal the padlock.

The king one day sent a message to the missionaries, advising them to discharge their servants because they were thieves, and recommending them to take some of his; but the missionaries knew too

well that the king's servants were greater thieves than any others, because the king was always employing them in stealing things for him, and they felt sure he only wanted them to have his servants, that they might rob them and bring him the things.

But murder, which is a much more horrible crime than stealing, was quite common. The missionaries tried to persuade Pomare to forbid people to kill their children. They endeavored also to persuade Mane-mane to offer no more human sacrifices. Both Pomare and Mane-mane promised to do as the missionaries wished, but they did not keep their promise.

One Sunday Mr. Lewis preached upon "Thou shalt not kill." The people said afterwards, "Good is the word not to kill children, not to sacrifice men." Mane-mane was observed to whisper something to another native. The missionaries asked him what he had said, and he replied, "I was telling the people to leave off their wicked ways." Yet he had not left off his own wicked ways. He was like the man to whom Paul speaks in Romans 2 : 1.

Before the ship left, Mane-mane was one day observed to drink more wine than usual. The reason was, he was going to kill a man, and wanted the wine to keep up his courage, which showed that he felt it to be a horrible work.

About this time Pomare's wife Idia killed her baby. The missionaries had told her often how wicked it

was to do such things ; they had even promised that their wives would take care of all babies that the natives did not like to bring up. So they were much displeased with Idia. Soon afterwards she came with a large present of hogs to the missionaries ; but they would not accept them, and told Andrew to tell her the reason. She was much offended, and said she should observe the customs of the country without caring for their displeasure ; she would not, however, take back her present. She had before given the missionaries some wood with which to make her a chest. They thought it right to give her this chest, and she carried it off with pleasure.

The hogs Idia had left, the missionaries desired Mane-mane to divide among the natives ; but he took them all home to his own house.

Such were the people amongst whom the missionaries lived. They were continually praying for them, and sighing over their lost state, but they could not yet preach to them as much as they wished.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SINGULAR MANNERS AND WICKED CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE
OF TAHITI.

LET us now pause a moment to inquire what were the manners and customs of the people for whose souls these missionaries labored. I will first speak of their food, and of their manner of taking it.

FOOD.

No corn nor grapes grew in Tahiti; therefore the inhabitants could neither eat bread nor drink wine; but the trees bore an abundance of fruit, upon which the people lived. The chiefs often ate the flesh of hogs, and sometimes of dogs, for both these animals fed chiefly upon fruit.

Rats were the only beasts, besides hogs and dogs, on the island, when first discovered: they were very troublesome, and were always running over the beds and over the food of the people, but they were not eaten by them. Captain Cook had left some cats in Tahiti, which were very useful.

The Tahitians had no regular times for their meals; but they generally had three every day. They had no iron pots, therefore they could only bake their food in holes in the ground, or broil it on

the ashes of the fire. The most usual dinner was fish and breadfruit. They were served up on leaves, and eaten upon leaves instead of plates. A cocoa-nut shell full of salt water was placed beside each person, and every morsel was dipped in it before it was eaten. English people dislike this sauce very much, but the Tahitians think it gives a relish to the food. Different sorts of fruit were often mixed together, and made into puddings. The only way of heating them was by putting hot stones into the cocoa-nut milk, with which the fruit was mixed.

But however nice the food was, there was one circumstance that made the meal far less pleasant than one taken in England; for the father and mother, brothers and sisters, never ate together. The men and boys generally took their meals together in the house; but each woman and girl ate alone in a little hut built for the purpose. Do you not wonder what could be the reason of so strange a custom? The reason was, that the Tahitian men called the women common, and not fit to eat with them, who they said were holy: for the same reason, they would not allow women to eat any of the kinds of food that were offered to the gods, such as hogs, fowls, cocoa-nuts, plantains, turtle, and many sorts of fish. All these things were called sacred, and unfit for women. The men and women had also their food kept in different baskets, and cooked at

different fires. A man would not even drink out of a cup that had been used by a woman.

HOUSES.

The houses were generally built by the sea-shore, and under the shade of breadfruit-trees. Their shape was long and narrow ; the walls were made of posts, placed two or three inches apart, so that the passers-by could see into the house, as into a birdcage. There were no windows in them, for none were needed ; there was, however, a door tied by cord to a post at one end.

The roof was made of reeds, covered with large leaves. These roofs soon became old, and were often repaired. The beds were mats, made of cocoa-nut leaves woven together, and the pillows were blocks of wood. These mats were placed side by side all down the house, and sometimes there were fifty or sixty in one house ; for the Tahitians were fond of company both night and day. The floor was covered with dried grass, which soon became very unpleasant from the food that was spilt upon it. There were no gardens round the house ; but sometimes there was a little court enclosed by a low railing, and a walk made of black and white coral up to the house.

There was no comfort or peace in these houses, but continual riot, laughing, and talking, even during the night.

When the people travelled, as they often did, they lodged in small sheds by the sea-shore with their canoes; for they generally went by water, and landed where they wished.

DRESS.

The men and women dressed nearly alike. They wore several yards of cloth of bark, wrapped round their bodies, and, over their shoulders, either a shawl or a tiputa.

You will ask what a tiputa was.

It was a piece of cloth with a hole in the middle, through which the head passed, while the ends of the cloth hung down before and behind, and were confined round the waist by a girdle. As the cloth was spoilt by the rain, in wet weather matting was worn.

The natives had one strange custom, called tattooing. They covered their skins with pictures of beasts, birds, flowers, and trees. These pictures were drawn, not with a pencil, but with a sharp fishbone fastened to the end of a stick. After the marks were made, a dark stuff, made of the juice of a plant, was put into them. This operation was very painful. It was done to the young people, when about twelve or fourteen years old. The figures were seldom made on the face, but chiefly on the legs and arms. The chiefs were more beautifully tattooed than the com-

mon people, because they hired persons who could tattoo the best, to adorn them.

The men generally had long hair fastened with a comb on the back of their heads, and the women had short hair, which they arranged with great care, and often adorned with garlands of flowers. The women often wore shades over their eyes made of yellow cocoa-nut leaves, to screen them from the sun, but they never wore bonnets.

Both men and women thought a great deal of their appearance, and spent much time in trying to make themselves look handsome; therefore they were extremely fond of looking-glasses, and when they could not get them, they would sit on the bank of a clear stream to dress their hair.

They bathed three times a day, and thus kept themselves very clean, and improved their health. They were continually going into the sea; many babies could swim before they could walk, so that there was no danger of their being drowned except when they were at a great distance from land. They always bathed in a stream after they had been in the sea, as they did not like the salt water as well as fresh.

IDOLS.

You already know that the Tahitians worshipped idols. Some were made of stone, but most were made of wood, or of a kind of string called cinet, made from the outside of cocoa-nuts. Some kinds

of sharks and of birds were worshipped, and were not suffered to be killed. Altogether there were more than a hundred gods worshipped in Tahiti. The people thought that the spirit of the gods dwelt in the idols. As they fancied that they were as cruel and as covetous as themselves, they tried to please them by giving them things.

I will give you an instance of the manner in which they treated them. They kept live hogs and chickens in the maraes, and called these animals sacred. Once a traveller wanted to buy some sacred fowls, as there were no others to be had. The priest of the marae at first did not like to sell them, but when he saw what nice looking-glasses and knives he could get for them, he went to the idol, and said, "O my god, here are some beautiful things—knives, scissors, looking-glasses—perhaps I may sell some of the fowls belonging to us two for them; they will be good property for us two." He then waited a few moments, while he pretended he was listening to the god's answer; then he said that the god had consented; and some boys and dogs hunted the fowls, and caught them for the traveller.

They never thought that their gods would be angry at sin, but fancied they could always be coaxed and made to like those people who gave presents to them. When they prayed they used to kneel upon one knee, and to repeat their prayers in a sort of singing

tone, saying something of this kind: "See, I have brought you pigs and fruit; so be kind to me, and do not let me be drowned; and let me conquer my enemies."

How different is our God from their gods! He cannot bear sin, and he cares for nothing we can give him. He never could have listened to our prayers, if Jesus had not borne the punishment of our sins; neither will he listen to us now, unless we come before him in the name of Jesus, asking for mercy for his sake. Therefore David said, "I will wash my hands in innocency, and so will I compass thine altar, O God." And John says, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation," or sacrifice, "for our sins."

But the most horrible deed done in these temples was the offering up of human sacrifices. The people thought that Oro, the god of war, liked these better than any other; so, when they were going to do any thing important, they used to kill men. Perhaps you will inquire what men they killed. When the priest wanted a human sacrifice, he generally sent word to the king; and then the king sent a small stone to one of his chiefs, as a sign that he must procure one. If the chief kept the stone, the king knew that he would do as he wished. And whom did the chief fix on as a sacrifice? Sometimes on the guest who was

eating beneath his roof. In one moment the unfortunate man was killed by a blow on the head, and carried to the temple in a basket of cocoa-nut leaves. Before he was offered up to the god, the priest scooped out one of his eyes, and placing the eye in a leaf, offered it to the king, who opened his mouth, as if he were going to eat it, and then returned it to the priest.

The body was afterwards hung upon a tree near the temple ; when the flesh was quite consumed, the bones were buried in the sacred court, which was a sort of Golgotha, a place of a skull, and most horrible in the eyes of the holy God.

If one man of a family had been offered up, the other men in it were in great danger of sharing his fate ; for the people of the same family were usually chosen until the whole was destroyed.

When at midnight the sacred drum was beaten, as a sign that a human sacrifice was required, many poor creatures would escape to the mountains, and hide themselves in the dens and caves of the earth.

It is not surprising that some men quite forsook the company of their cruel fellow-creatures, wandered alone among the mountains, and became almost as fierce and as senseless as the beasts of the forest.

Death was very terrible to the Tahitians, for they had no bright hopes beyond the grave. They thought that at death their spirits went to their cruel gods, who ate them three times over, and that afterwards

they went into the body of a beast or bird or man, and lived upon the earth again.

Sometimes poor creatures, when they have been dying, have looked towards the end of the mat on which they have been lying, and have cried out, "O there are the spirits waiting for my spirit—O guard my spirit when it leaves my body—O preserve it from them."

How different were these cries from those of some dying Christian children, who have exclaimed with sweet smiles, "I see the angels coming to take me; O Lord Jesus, I come, I come."

After a man was dead, his friends used to begin to cut themselves with sharks' teeth, till they were covered with blood, and sometimes even to fight together with clubs and stones for two or three days, till some were killed. It was dreadful to behold one of these fights, and to hear the furious howlings of those who fought.

When a Christian loses his pious relations, he can sing,

" Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms."

CHARACTER OF THE TAHITIANS.

You have already heard enough of the people to perceive that they were liars, covetous, thieves, and murderers.

They were indeed pleasant in their manners, and good-natured when pleased; but in many respects they were like beasts, and in others like devils.

They resembled beasts in their love of eating, and drinking, and idleness; in hardness of heart, they resembled devils. Their conduct to their aged parents, and to their sick friends, was barbarous. When tired of waiting upon a sick person, his relations generally built a little hut for him, and at first fed him, but often left him afterwards to die of hunger. At other times, the relations would throw their spears at the sick man, to see which would thrust him through first.

I will relate an instance of the murder of one sick man. He was staying with an acquaintance, who, growing tired of him, went one day and dug a hole near the sea-shore, then returned, and offered to take him to bathe. The sick man consented, and was placed upon a board, and carried towards the sea between two men; but when he came near the hole, he suspected what was going to be done, and he jumped off the board and tried to escape, but his companion threw a stone at him, and thus stopped him, and then forced him into the hole, and buried him alive. His cries were heard at some distance by some women in a canoe, yet none came to rescue him, or were even shocked when they heard the history.

If the Tahitians behaved in this manner to their friends, what must have been their cruelty to their enemies? It was more dreadful than can be conceived. They stamped upon the prisoners they had taken in battle, crying out, "Thus would you have treated me if you had conquered," and then left the bodies unburied, to be devoured by dogs and birds. Sometimes a hole was made through an enemy's body, and he was worn for a short time as a tiputa by the man who slew him. After a battle the conquerors destroyed all the women and children of their enemies, and even taught their own little children to kill the little creatures that they would have liked to play with. Sometimes the conqueror put ropes through the necks of his enemies' children, or threaded them like beads on his spear. God has said in his word, that the feet of men are swift to shed blood. And is not this true?

The missionaries came to melt the stony hearts of these people, by telling them of the love of the Son of God. These lions and tigers could be turned into lambs and doves by the Spirit of God. So the missionaries did not cease to pray for them, and to teach them the good and the right way, hoping that God would at length give them repentance for their sins.

CHAPTER V.

SHEEP AMONG WOLVES.

WE will now continue the history of the missionaries, who stood gazing upon the ship, on the day it left Tahiti, with tears in their eyes, till they could no longer behold it.

They felt that they were in a very dangerous situation, among wicked men, who coveted all they possessed, and whose hands were often stained with blood; but they were able to look up to God for support. They set apart a day for fasting and prayer; on that day they met three times to pray together, and twice more to hear sermons from two of the brethren. They agreed also to hold a prayer-meeting once a month for the conversion of the heathen, at the very same time that their friends in England, in different places of worship, met together for the same purpose.

But though they placed their strength in God, they thought it right to take all possible pains to defend themselves. All night long two of the brethren watched outside the house, and very often one was appointed to watch during the day.

The day after the ship's departure, the missionary who was watching the house, overheard Idia talking

with some of the natives about the quantity of property the brethren possessed. Among other things, he heard it said, that the Sabbath-day would be a good opportunity to take it away, as on that day the brethren would be engaged together in prayer. Idia little thought that the man on guard understood her conversation. Of course he reported it to his friends, who immediately desired all the natives to leave the nouse. Idia was alarmed when she heard of this order, and inquired the reason. When she was reminded of what she had said, she denied it, and sent Peter the Swede to declare that she had been misunderstood, as she had only been talking of a plan made by some bad men in Tahiti. This excuse was probably false; but the missionaries thought it best to receive it, and to treat Idia with as much respect as usual. However, they were more on their guard than ever on the next day, which was the Sabbath, and did not take the Lord's supper together as they had intended.

About three weeks afterwards they were robbed in a very singular manner. One morning they missed a great many articles from the blacksmith's shop, and they also observed a hole in the ground of the shop. They soon perceived a thief had entered through this hole, which resembled a rabbit's burrow, and had an opening outside. They saw that the hole must have taken more than one night to dig

with the hands, the spade the natives usually made use of, and they wondered how it was that the watch had not observed the thief digging in the day. The watch then remembered that he had once remarked the hole, and had seen something, that he had taken for a hog, coiled up in it; and now he had no doubt that the supposed hog was the thief. The wicked cunning of the robber excited the astonishment of all. On applying to a chief of that part of the island, the stolen articles were restored.

In vain the missionaries endeavored to win the natives by kindness. Because they never punished the thieves when detected, they were considered as cowards; though their reason for forgiving them was, that they remembered that they were ministers of the Gospel, whose office it was to save and not to judge.

Many of the natives were suffering from terrible diseases; so the missionaries prepared a place near their house for a hospital, and offered to nurse all who would come; but the same reasons that prevent men coming to Jesus, the great Physician, prevented the greater part of the sick natives from accepting the kind proposal. Some of them were afraid to come; and others refused to take medicine because it was not sweet, or to remain more than three or four days, which was not long enough to effect a cure.

Yet a hospital seemed very necessary, for it was

sad to see how foolishly the natives treated sick people, as you will perceive from this little anecdote.

The missionaries employed native boys as their servants. One of them, while gathering some bread-fruit, fell from the tree, and broke his arm. Mr. Clode set it; but five days afterwards, the boy, through his own carelessness, broke it again. Mr. Clode tried to set it again, but could not prevent the boy feeling much agony. The father of the child then insisted on taking him home, saying, "I shall send for a native doctor, and pray to our god, and the boy will soon be well."

The next day Mr. Puckey and Mr. Smith went to see the child, and were told that he had died the night before. They found that the father had put his child in cold running water, while burning with fever, and that he had immediately expired. The father lamented with tears that he had taken him home. By the side of the child lay a piece of cloth steeped in the father's blood, which had been made to flow in torrents by a shark's tooth, and the cloth now was spread out as a proof of the father's grief.

The missionaries gazed upon the lifeless form of the child, as it lay decked with flowers, while the foolish natives crowded around them, admiring their clothes. The missionaries took this opportunity to remind them that death would one day overtake them, and to warn them that their souls must then

appear before the only true God, who had prepared a place of happiness for the righteous, and of misery for the wicked.

While they were speaking, the natives ceased to laugh, and appeared for a moment struck by what had been uttered.

Mr. Puckey made a coffin for the child, and laid him in it the next day. Four little boys carried it to the grave, and several of the missionaries followed it. Crowds of natives attended, who were filled with wonder at the coffin, having never seen one before, and exclaimed, "It would make a fine chest to put clothes in."

The father, according to the custom, made a long speech over the child's grave, describing how *useful* his son would have been had he lived, though it is to be feared he might more truly have said, how *wicked*.

The relations would have cut themselves again on the head, with sharks' teeth, but they were prevailed upon by the missionaries to refrain.

At length the missionaries determined to try no longer to defend themselves from the natives; for though they were so few in number that they could easily be overcome, they felt that God could preserve them from every danger. As they resolved to be satisfied with food and raiment, they delivered up the blacksmith's shop and the store-room, with all they

contained, to Pomare, and even offered to give him their own private property, but he generously refused to accept it. It was now Pomare's interest to prevent the natives robbing the house, and his servants were appointed to guard it by night. In what manner they guarded it you will soon hear. The missionaries hoped that, having now given up all their worldly cares, they should be able to serve the Lord more earnestly, and to watch more diligently for the souls of the poor heathen.

Both Pomare and Idia were delighted in being permitted to take what they pleased from the brethren. Both night and day they walked from room to room, looking on every thing with a covetous eye, and carrying away a great quantity.

The natives, like greedy birds, hovered about the outside of the house, and invented cunning plans of stealing. One of these was to hook away things with a very long stick, which they thrust between the posts that formed the walls of part of the house ; so that the missionaries placed any thing that they were very much afraid of losing, under the care of some chief.

One night Mr. Harris was awakened by the noise of thieves ransacking a box in his room ; the men ran off the instant he saw them, taking with them many books and clothes.

Another night Mr. Eyre woke, and saw, by the

light he always kept burning in his room, two of the natives who were appointed to be watchmen by Pomare, getting over a partition placed before his door. He asked them what they wanted, when one of them cunningly replied, "I thought I heard some thieves within, and was coming to look for them."

One day Mr. Broomhall missed two cases out of his room, one containing all things necessary for cupping, and the other for cutting off limbs. He was surprised by Idia bringing back the cases next morning, with nothing missing but two little saws. In a little time afterwards she restored these also. The missionaries wondered how she had got possession of the things; at the same time, they thought it was honest in her to give them back. A few months afterwards they discovered that she encouraged her servants to steal things for her, for they found she had an axe in her possession that had been missed two months before.

She visited the missionaries very often, and chose Mrs. Eyre for her particular friend, and often drank tea with her, and paid her much attention, and promised that no one should hurt her. Yet she not only continued to steal, but this summer she killed her own infant as soon as it was born. She looked ashamed when she next came to see the missionaries, knowing that they abhorred her conduct. She soon, however, recovered her confidence, and presented

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre with two hogs and a quantity of fruit. They received her well, and accepted the present; for all the brethren had agreed that it was useless to be angry with the heathen for their crimes. St. Paul says, "What have I to do to judge them that are *without*?" that is, the *heathen*. "Them that are without, God judgeth." 1 Cor. 5:12, 13.

Otu was now their frequent visitor, as well as Tetua, the young queen. They used often to call to see the brethren, and were always mounted upon men's shoulders. The missionaries were surprised at the ease and grace with which they sat upon their bearers, and also at the strength of the men, who generally carried the royal pair at a trotting pace. Otu's habits of begging were the same as ever, and these annoyed the missionaries very much, as they had now little remaining that they could well spare.

The natives continued to be very troublesome, particularly at the time when the brethren dined together. Multitudes flocked to see them eat, and would almost snatch the meat out of their mouths. All the missionaries' servants also chose to dine with them, and consumed more food than their masters. If you inquire why the brethren kept so many servants, you must know that the servants chose to come without leave. They insisted on helping the brethren to cook the dinner, and then remained to dine without being invited, and generally found many

private opportunities of stealing. At length the missionaries came to a determination no longer to have one dinner, but to dine two or three together in their own rooms, and to cook their food privately, with the assistance of one boy to each mess, if they possibly could keep away the rest of the people.

During this year there was a quarrel between Pomare and Otu; and Mane-mane having stirred up a rebellion, Pomare ordered him to be killed. Idia arranged the plan of the murder. On the morning of the day appointed, she and one of her men-servants breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Eyre, and they both appeared as cheerful as usual. They quitted the house after breakfast. It was then that the treacherous plan was executed. The man-servant followed old Mane-mane down a hill, as he was on his way to Pare, overtook him, and after talking with him a short time, smote him on the head with a stone. Thus perished the wicked old priest, who had long deceived the people with the idea that he had power to curse and bless whom he would, but who could not shield his own hoary head from the curse of the living God.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTINUED UNBELIEF OF THE NATIVES.

THE more the missionaries saw of Otu, the more wickedness they discovered in him. He felt no gratitude for all the favors they had shown him. I will give you some instances of his ingratitude in several trifling circumstances.

During the late war he sent his servants to carry off a sow and five young pigs belonging to Mr. Bicknell, who made no resistance to the demand. The missionaries complained of this conduct to Idia, and were pleased to see the pigs running near their house next day, though Idia had said nothing to them on the subject.

One day the king came to Mr. Broomhall's apartment, and asked to see a large Bible with pictures that he had heard of. While he was looking at it, he asked Mr. Broomhall to show him another book; and while it was being brought, he slyly cut out of the Bible a picture of Adam and Eve in paradise, and then returned the Bible, without mentioning what he had done.

Notwithstanding this conduct, the missionaries continued to behave generously to Otu.

On Friday, 1st, a ship touched at Tahiti. While the ship was at anchor, Otu came one day to Mr.

Broomhall, and slipping three pearls into his hand, desired him to keep them for himself, and to procure a pistol for him from the ship. When the brethren heard of this circumstance, they wrote to the captain to ask, as a favor, to purchase a gun for Otu, as they feared he would be offended if he did not obtain one. At the same time they resolved, if they succeeded in procuring the gun, to return the pearls to Otu, to show him that they did not act from motives of interest.

The captain very kindly presented the gun to the brethren, who gave it to Otu, and returned the pearls to him. They were pleased to see Otu present it to his mother Idia, and to hear him speak more graciously to her than usual; but they observed no difference in his general conduct afterwards.

It was awful to see how completely Otu, though a king, was the slave of his own violent passions.

One day when he had drunk a great deal of ava, an intoxicating drink used by the natives, and was asleep in his dwelling, he heard a man hallooing outside. He immediately desired his servants to kill him. To what a pitch of wickedness will men get, who have nothing to restrain their passions. How many feel such anger as Otu did, who dare not give the same barbarous order. The young man who had halloosed, ran to Mr. Broomhall for protection. Otu, hearing where the man had taken refuge, thought it

would be a good opportunity to get something out of Mr. Broomhall, and sent a message requesting to have three yards of printed cloth, instead of the two yards of white cloth that had been promised him the day before. While Mr. Broomhall was getting them, Otu himself appeared before the door and demanded the gift. Mr. Broomhall gave him the cloth, and entreated him to spare the young man's life; Otu consented, but in a very sullen manner.

This unamiable tyrant was always surrounded by a train of flatterers, who slyly praised him to each other, loud enough for him to hear. The titles bestowed on the king, and on all he had, were most absurd. His house was called *the clouds of heaven*, his large canoe *the rainbow*, his manner of riding was called *flying*, the torch that was carried before him *lightning*, and a drum that was often beat for his amusement, *thunder*. Thus, while in his conduct he resembled a beast and a devil, he fancied himself a god.

The missionaries were in much heaviness on account of the continued unbelief of the people. When they spoke to them of the Lord Jesus coming down from heaven, the natives sometimes replied, "If this were true, would not Captain Cook, and others who came here before the Duff, have told us of it?" The missionaries tried to show them that though those captains had known the *name* of Christ, yet they had

not obeyed his commands. It was dreadful to hear the blasphemous words that the people sometimes uttered against the Saviour, and how they jested about holy things; so that sometimes the missionaries felt inclined to speak of Christ no more in the presence of the heathen; yet they could not be silent, for they knew that God was able to turn the hearts of these ignorant people, and teach their lips to praise him.

Nothing offended the natives more than to speak against their wicked customs. Even Idia, who was so much at the brethren's house, murdered another infant this summer. This was the third she had destroyed since the arrival of the missionaries. The missionaries hoped that when they were able to speak the language well, the people would be more ready to listen to them; but they found it very difficult to learn it, because they had no books to help them, and the people spoke so quickly they could scarcely catch their words. Yet they persevered, and already began to attempt to translate a few verses in different parts of the Bible, and they showed these translations to each other, at their weekly meetings.

In February, 1800, the brethren first determined to build a chapel, where the natives might be invited to assemble to hear them preach, which they hoped soon to be able to do. Hitherto they had only met together in a room in their own house.

It was on March 5, that the first wooden posts or

pillars of the chapel were reared to form the walls. The time was remarkable, because it was three years, all but one day, since the missionaries' first arrival in Tahiti. The brethren were grieved to hear the natives who were assisting them, jeering at Christ as they worked, and to see them scoffingly marking each pillar in their manner, with his name. They earnestly hoped that those pillars would hereafter be witnesses to the conversion of these miserable heathen.

Pomare soon afterwards gave a great proof of his ignorance by sending the brethren a raw fish, with a request that it might be hung up in the chapel, as an offering to Jesus Christ. One of the brethren went to him to return the fish, and to tell him, that it was not the custom of their God to receive sacrifices of food from any one; but that he gave food to all, and that all should thank him for his gifts. Pomare seemed displeased with this answer, but tried to appear indifferent, and said, "Very well."

CHAPTER VII.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

THE island continued in a state of disquietude. There was no open war, but it seemed every day ready to break out. Pomare was exceedingly enraged against the people of Atehuru, because they had stolen the image of Oro, the god of war, from the temple at Pare, and had hid it in their own part of the country. They had done this, in the hope of conquering by Oro's power, when the war should begin; for they fully believed that the god Oro sometimes entered into this log of wood. Pomare did not immediately show his anger, for he hoped that the idol would be given back to him soon. He even thought it necessary to behave with great respect to some whom he knew to be his enemies. For instance, when Teohu, a rebellious chief, who took part with the Atehurans, visited Matavai in April, he was received with great honor by Pomare. Teohu arrived with his train of servants in a number of canoes, accompanied by two human sacrifices for Otu. As the king was absent, a man adorned with a bunch of red feathers represented him, and was treated with the same respect as the king, every one uncovering his shoulders in his presence. Pomare caused a shed to be built for Teohu, while he staid at Matavai, and

he made him presents of cloth, and even gave him a musket. Teohu also made presents to Pomare. Yet, though their words were smoother than butter, war was in their hearts. Pomare, however, did not wish to begin the war till a boat should return, that he had sent to some neighboring islands to fetch pearls, and also human sacrifices.

In the end of June, the war was on the point of beginning, when an event of God's providence prevented it. It was the arrival of a ship. This ship was not a vessel used for trading, or catching whales, as all other vessels had been, that had arrived since the Duff. It was a man-of-war—a ship that sailed about the seas to attack the enemies of the king of England.

This ship was called the Porpoise. It had been sent for the purpose of buying hogs, to make into salt pork, for the inhabitants of Port Jackson.

The captain brought letters from the governor of Port Jackson for the brethren, and for Pomare, as well as presents, among which was a handsome scarlet dress for Pomare. Though Pomare was delighted to receive presents, he was afraid lest Otu should be affronted, if he also did not receive presents from the governor, and therefore he asked the captain to give the dress to Otu. The captain consented, but desired his men to make another dress for Pomare.

The Porpoise brought very delightful news to the

brethren It was, that a ship would shortly arrive, containing some missionaries, who would remain at Tahiti.

While the Porpoise was still at anchor, the welcome ship appeared. It was called "The Royal Admiral," and contained eight missionaries. Captain Wilson's nephew, William, was the commander of the ship, and was therefore called Captain Wilson.

The next day, some of the newly-arrived brethren dined and drank tea with the brethren on shore, and returned to the ship at night. Perhaps none of these brethren had ever seen each other before; yet how joyful their first meeting must have been! Those newly arrived, found kind friends ready to assist them in learning the language, and to prepare them for the trials they must endure; while those who had been long settled in Tahiti, must have felt greater joy than can be described, at the sight of fellow-laborers, and in hearing of their beloved friends in England. Three days after the arrival of the new missionaries, a public meeting was held in the open air, near the brethren's houses. All the brethren were there, and explained to Pomare, Idia, and Otu, the reason of more missionaries coming to the island; they then asked Pomare whether he had any objection to their remaining in Tahiti. Pomare answered, "No, I am pleased at their coming; more may come if they will, and stay till they are tired."

Pomare then asked all the brethren whether they would help him in his wars. They replied, that they were men of peace, and had nothing to do with war.

Captain Wilson next reminded Pomare of his having given the district of Matavai to the brethren, and asked him whether it was still theirs. He said that it was, and inquired whether the brethren wished the natives to be sent out of it. They replied, "No, we do not want to have the land, but only to be allowed to dwell on it."

I wish I could inform you of the chief things that happened immediately after the arrival of the eight missionaries, but the accounts that were written by the brethren were lost at sea. I know, however, that the chapel was soon finished, and I believe that some of the brethren began to preach in it to the natives.

Though war had not yet begun, it seemed more likely than ever that it would break out. A great meeting was soon to be held in Atehuru, and then it was expected that either peace would be made or war declared. The people of Atehuru had still got possession of the god Oro, whom they had stolen, and Pomare was much afraid of them.

Such was the state of things at the end of February, when the brethren agreed that Mr. Nott should go round Tahiti, to preach to all the inhabitants the Gospel of peace. Mr. Elder, who had recently ar

rived, was appointed to accompany Mr. Nott. Of course, he knew very little of the language, and therefore could not preach.

This preaching tour was an arduous undertaking. Wherever the brethren saw a few dwellings they stopped, and went from house to house, entreating the people to come at an appointed time to a particular spot. It was often difficult to persuade them to engage to come, and, after all, the people often broke their promise, and did not come. Sometimes Mr. Nott preached three or four times in the day, and often he had above a hundred people to hear him. Sometimes they encouraged him by the attention they paid, for they were astonished by the new things he told them. They often answered the questions he asked in his sermon. When he said, "What is the true atonement for sin?" a man once replied, "Hogs and pearls." Another time when he said that the people had no desire to know the true God, one man interrupted him, by replying, "Do not say we have no desire. But perhaps we shall not understand about God, through the badness of our hearts." One chief said that he felt a desire to pray to the true God, and asked whether his old gods would not kill him if he did.

The journey round the island was one hundred miles. The brethren went only a few miles each day, and lodged in the houses of the natives, who

freely received them, for the brethren had nothing to give them. The people almost all lived by the sea-coast; but there were some narrow valleys that ran up among the mountains, and Mr. Nott often went up these beautiful valleys to preach.

He took with him on his journey several natives, who had the advantage of hearing him preach many times during their five weeks' tour. The last day of their journey, Mr. Nott was delighted to hear them giving a clear account of the Gospel to some strangers whom they met. Just before he reached home, he assembled them and examined them, and reminded them what a great advantage they had enjoyed, in hearing the truth so often, while others had only heard it once, and warned them not to neglect such a great salvation. One boy said, in reply, "If the Duff had been the first ship that had come to the island, we should have thrown away the feather gods long ago."

During the last part of the journey, Mr. Nott passed through the district of Atehuru just at the time when the great meeting took place, at which it was expected either war would be declared or peace established.

Pomare and Otu desired that Oro should be given up; but as the Atehurans refused to consent, Otu rose up in anger, seized hold of Oro, ran with him towards the sea, and placed him in one of the canoes.

This was the beginning of the war, which lasted three months. Pomare and Otu were finally victorious, though they did not recover their god. The new chapel which the missionaries had built was torn down, and the beautiful groves of breadfruit and cocoa-nut trees were cut down to make a fence around their house. The brethren felt exceeding gratitude to their heavenly Father when this sad war was over; still, when they looked at their gardens now trodden down, at the place where their groves had stood, and at the ruins of their chapel, they felt that they had endured a heavy affliction. But now the storm had blown over; and though it had injured their property, it had not hurt one hair of their heads.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE NATIVES BEHAVED WHEN THE MISSIONARIES PREACHED.

As the war appeared to be over for the present, the missionaries set about repairing their fences, digging and sowing their gardens, and building another chapel.

They took every opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the natives. On Sundays several of the brethren used to go about the neighborhood, and endeavor to collect people to hear. But the difficulties were very great. They found them either busy in beating cloth, or preparing food, or else feasting, or drinking ava, or lying down stupefied from the effects of the ava. Also, the people who lived at Matavai were more indifferent to the preaching than any others, because they had become tired of hearing often the same things.

The missionaries, however, continued their labors, knowing that God, when he pleased, could pour down his Spirit from on high.

They continually made journeys, two and two, round the island, and were generally absent about a month. Sometimes they even crossed the sea, and made a tour round Eimeo.

They suffered many hardships in these journeys. Since the war, the houses of the inhabitants were

more wretched than before ; for the old houses had been burnt, and miserable sheds had been built in haste. These were generally in a most dirty state, and full of insects ; so that the poor brethren passed many restless nights after their days of toil.

They had no umbrellas to defend them from the rain, and in the houses there were no fires at which to dry their clothes. They often had no shoes to their feet, and they were sometimes obliged to place leaves on the burning sands, to defend them from the heat, at each step they took. On some occasions they were distressed for want of food ; for the people sometimes refused to receive them into their houses. The brethren soon found it necessary to make fish-hooks and combs, and to take them with them on their journey, as payment for their food and lodging. They could truly say, like the apostles, " Even unto this present hour we both hunger and thirst, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place, and labor, working with our own hands."

The natives little knew what great sufferings the brethren endured for their sakes : they foolishly thought that the missionaries had come to live at Tahiti to get their sweet food, for they had heard that no such fruit as theirs grew in England. They often behaved very ill while the missionaries were preaching to them, and cried out " lies," and " nonsense," during the sermon. At other times they

tried to make each other laugh, by repeating sentences after the brethren, or by speaking the name of Christ in a ridiculous manner, or by playing antics and making faces. Many of the natives used to lie down and sleep as soon as the sermon began, while others were so trifling as to make remarks upon the missionaries' clothes, or upon their appearance. Thus Satan filled their hearts with folly, lest they should believe and be saved.

Sometimes the natives behaved even worse than we have already related ; for they were enraged with the missionaries on account of the number of diseases in the island, and declared they had all been sent by the God of England. They said that he must be a very cruel god, and that Oro was too good to send such diseases. There was one disease now common in the island, called the broken back. It was a weakness in the backbone, which caused it to bend outwards or inwards. Often the person died before the bone was bent ; and it was very remarkable, that when the bone was bent much the person began to recover, though he remained a cripple all his life. Once the natives brought a great many of these poor objects, and laid them before the missionaries while they were preaching, to show them what harm their God had done. Sometimes, when the missionaries entreated the natives to come and hear them, they said to each other in a mocking tone, " Come, let us

go, that we may be cured of all our diseases to-day." They often said to the missionaries, "You talk to us of salvation, and we are dying. We want no other salvation than to be cured of our diseases, and to live here always, and to eat and talk."

When the missionaries told them that their bodies would be raised after death, they would not believe them; they said it was impossible, for that dead bodies turned to dust, and that no dead person had yet been raised. In vain the brethren assured them that one had risen from the dead; they laughed the whole history to scorn, saying, "Has Pomare believed, or any of the chiefs?"

It was too true that the chiefs were the greatest enemies of Christ, and discouraged the natives from attending to the Gospel. Once when a missionary was preaching about Christ having atoned for our sins, a man cried out to the rest, as if he liked what he had heard, "Do you hear that?" Immediately a chief who was present threw something at the man.

Sometimes persons asked questions seriously during the sermons, and acknowledged that they were fools, and knew nothing; but these hopeful signs were of short continuance. Once a man said to the brethren, "You offer no sacrifices to your God, but say that Jesus was sacrificed. Is it because Jesus was sacrificed, that you offer nothing?" The missionaries

replied, that was the reason. The man seemed pleased, and to think the way of salvation very easy. But, alas, though he could understand it a little, he could not believe it. The missionaries felt the truth of God's declaration, "Darkness hath covered the earth, and gross darkness the people;" but they were comforted with the promise, "My sheep shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd."

It was wonderful to see what trust these people placed in their dumb idols. One day some natives caught seven large fish, and they thought that they had caught so many because there were some red feathers on their canoes. They often said the English were very unkind not to send them more red feathers, that they might please their gods. They could scarcely be made to understand what the soul was: they fancied their souls lived in the land of darkness, and that they only came to them sometimes at night when they dreamed. All these foolish notions were taught to the people by their priests, and also by others who pretended to be inspired by the gods. Even women, who were so much despised in Tahiti, sometimes professed to have the spirit of the gods in them. I will give you an instance of the manner in which they tried to impose on the people.

On one occasion, the brethren saw a girl coming

towards them leading a woman, whose head was muffled up. These persons pretended to have the spirit of the gods in them. When they saw the brethren they appeared confused, fell upon their knees, and mumbled some words. Their reason for doing so was, that they might appear to put the spirit of the god from them. They then rose, and coming towards the missionaries, quietly spoke to them by their names. The brethren seeing their hypocrisy, rebuked them sharply, and entreated the people standing by not to be deceived by such tricks. The people laughed, and some said they knew the whole was a pretence; but others still believed in it, being blinded by Satan.

Thus these people, who were so unbelieving towards God, were willing to be deceived by the most foolish impostors. It is often found, even in Christian countries, that those who will not believe the word of God, will place their trust in fortune-tellers, dreams, and signs of good and ill luck. It is easy to discover the cause of this difference—it is the love of sin: God's word forbids all evil, and therefore it is despised and rejected.

Accustomed as the missionaries were to the wicked ways of the people, they were filled with dismay at the deed which I shall now relate.

Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Scott, while travelling in Tahiti, came to the house of a chief who had often

been desired to find a sacrifice, and who had just received a message from Pomare, threatening him with banishment if he did not kill a man immediately.

The chief was sitting in his house, surrounded by his friends and attendants, and was secretly intending to kill one of them, when the brethren entered. Knowing how they hated such deeds, the chief durst not do it in their presence. Soon the brethren lay down to rest. The chief then invited his companions to accompany him to the sea-shore. The man whom the chief intended to kill, was one of his relations, who had come to visit him. This man, with several others, consented to go to the beach. When arrived there, the chief and his servants killed him with stones, and put his body in a long basket of cocoa-nut leaves, ready to be sent to Pomare. The chief then returned to the house, as calm and unconcerned as if he had only killed a hog. The two brethren knew nothing of the dreadful deed till after they had left the house. Who can express the horror they then felt? In such a country it might well be said, as it once was said in Israel, "Take ye heed every one of his neighbor, and trust ye not in any brother. Their tongue is as an arrow shot out; it speaketh deceit: one speaketh peaceably to his neighbor with his mouth, but in heart he layeth his wait: shall I not visit them for these things? saith the Lord." Jer. 9:4, 8, 9.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEATHS OF THREE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

HAVE you forgotten Oteu, the king's grandfather? This old man had been introduced five years before to Captain Wilson, when he brought the first missionaries in the Duff. The missionaries had sometimes tried to lead the old man to think of his soul and of the true God, but they had found him only inclined to speak of earthly things. He often interrupted them by saying, "When will another ship come? Have you any ava?" He was quite disfigured by the ava he had drunk: his long silver beard, and mild, handsome countenance, made him look very venerable, but the redness of his eyes, and the white scurf upon his skin, showed that he was a drunkard.

About four months after the war in Atehuru, Oteu died of old age. The people thought that he was a favorite of the gods, because he had lived above eighty years, and had died a natural death. He expired in a house very near the brethren. Owo, his daughter, asked them to make him a coffin. The body was embalmed and placed in the coffin, in a shed at Pare, opposite the king's house.

The next year Otu's younger brother, Te-are, appeared to be in a decline. He believed that his god

was angry with him, and therefore sent a human sacrifice to his temple to quiet his wrath. But he continued to grow worse, and was tenderly nursed by his mother Idia.

As Te-are was living at Pare, Mr. Elder went to see him sometimes, and gave him wine and medicines. He paid him a visit the day before he died. He found him burning with fever, and the servants refreshing him by throwing cold water over him; yet his body felt quite cold to the touch. Soon afterwards the prince grew faint, and as he thought he was dying, he took leave of his mother Idia, while the attendants stood by bathed in tears. Pomare was sent for immediately. He did not appear at all afflicted at the state of his son, because he considered that, as all men must die, it was useless to grieve about death. However, he offered up to his gods, in the room where Te-are was lying, two hogs, a plantain-tree, and some red feathers, hoping by this means to make his son better. Mr. Elder spoke to the poor youth of the Saviour of the soul, but Idia seemed to dislike his doing so, as she thought that all the prayers to the idols would be vain if Christ's name were mentioned. Though Te-are knew he was dying, he appeared quite unconcerned about eternity. The next day Mr. Elder took some wine to the young prince. Te-are received the wine eagerly, though only able to swallow a table-spoonful.

He said that his throat was decayed, and that therefore he could not swallow. Soon afterwards he ceased to breathe. Thus died Te-are, at the age of eighteen, in June, 1803.

The missionaries were grieved to see the natives one after another dropping into the grave, without having believed in the Saviour who had been preached to them.

Te-are's body was embalmed, and placed in a shed near his grandfather's corpse. It was the custom, at the death of princes, to forbid fires to be lighted in the district in which the event happened. All the people of Pare were obliged, during the week after Te-are's death, to go to some distance to cook their food.

Pomare, who had seen his son expire with so much indifference, knew not how nearly his own days were numbered.

He had had a severe attack in the autumn before his son's death, and had been visited by Mr. Elder and Mr. Eyre, who had told him that the true God was angry with him for killing men for sacrifice. He had heard this without feeling, but when they had assured him, that they would pray for his recovery, when they prayed together at home, his heart had appeared touched by their kindness. Pomare soon recovered from this illness.

A month after Te-are's death, an event occurred,

which filled Pomare with delight. The rebellious Atehurans had formed a plot to murder Pomare and Idia. For this purpose they killed a man, as a sacrifice, and sent for Pomare to come to Atehuru, to offer it to the gods. They hoped that he would come, accompanied by only a few servants, and they intended to lie in wait, and murder both him and Idia. Otu heard of this plot, and informed his father of it, who accordingly went to Atehuru by water, guarded by a large fleet of canoes. When he arrived there, he found the Atehurans more ready than before to submit to his authority, and they even delivered up the god Oro, that log of wood that had caused so much blood to flow.

Thus peace was established in the island, on August 1st, 1803. But Pomare did not live to enjoy the submission of the people, or the possession of his god; for, only one month afterwards, he was cut off by a stroke from the Almighty. This was the manner of his death.

A ship, called the Dart, was at anchor near Tahiti. One morning, Pomare set out in a canoe with two men, to go to the ship. He held a paddle in his hand, and had almost reached the vessel, when he suddenly felt a pain in his back; he cried out, and put his hand to the place where he felt the pain, dropped the paddle from the other hand, and fell on his face, while his outstretched arms fell over the

sides of the canoe. His two attendants immediately rowed his body to the shore of Pare. As soon as the brethren heard of the event, they hastened to the spot; Mr. Elder felt his pulse, and thought it still faintly beat. He did not, however, dare to bleed Pomare, as the natives would have accused him of intending to do harm to their chief. The dead body was soon afterwards embalmed, and placed near the corpses of Pomare's father, and youngest son. They were all within sight of the king's house; so that Otu, as he sat within his palace, could behold the bodies of his brother, father, and grandfather.

The natives did not appear either shocked or grieved by Pomare's sudden death; for their hearts were so much hardened by continual cruelties, that they seldom felt pity, or grief for others.

Otu, who was now at Atehuru, did not come to see his father's dead body, but desired that it might be sent to him. Idia, however, asked two of the brethren to entreat the king to allow it to remain at Pare. They went accordingly to the king, and obtained their request, but found Otu quite unconcerned about his father's death; yet he was so much terrified at night, by fears lest his father's spirit should appear to him, that he caused one of his servants to sleep near him.

Otu had now more power than during his father's lifetime. The missionaries were afraid lest the peo-

ple should rise up against him, for he was more oppressive, and was more hated, than his father had been. However, through the mercy of God, the people made no resistance to Otu.

From this time, Otu took the name of his father, and styled himself his majesty Pomare. The meaning of the word Pomare, is night-cough. The name was chosen by Pomare in a curious manner. Once when making a journey, he slept on a bleak part of the mountains, and caught cold. His attendants, observing his cough next day, called that night the Pomare. The chief liked the sound of the word so much, that he chose it for his name.

Henceforth we shall speak of Otu by the name of Pomare.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST TAHITIAN WHO LEARNED TO WRITE.

THOUGH Pomare II. was much less pleasing than his father, yet he was not so much set against the message the missionaries brought. For some time past he had been a great deal with the brethren, and had occasionally listened to their sermons. One Sabbath he sent to desire Idia to attend the preaching out of doors; but when she came, she stood far enough off not to hear, for she was a great enemy to the Gospel. Although Pomare spent the greater part of his time in eating, drinking, and romping with his attendants, yet ever since the war, he had taken pains to learn to read and write. When absent from the missionaries, he had carried writing copies about with him, and practised by himself, and now he was able to write notes tolerably well. He remained, indeed, as wicked as before, but he grew more and more anxious to conceal his wickedness from the missionaries.

The year after his father's death, Pomare left the brethren, and went to the island of Eimeo, taking with him his god Oro. The Atehurans were much grieved to lose the idol from their country, but they did not show their sorrow openly. The fame of Oro had become greater than ever, since the death of the

late Pomare ; for it was declared that Oro had killed him by his power, to punish him for having once placed a sacred cloth of Oro upon his son Otu.

The present King Pomare's power was also considered exceedingly great. It was said that he could kill men by his prayers, and the following story was related as a proof of it.

Once while he was worshipping his idols, a man disturbed him by beating a drum. He sent to desire him to leave off, but the man continued to annoy him. Pomare then said, "Let him alone," and that same night the man expired.

But the king knew that, though the people feared him, there were many who hated him ; and he was afraid of another war breaking out.

He wished to show the people in Tahiti, that he desired peace. For this purpose, while he was at Eimeo, he sacrificed a man, and sent various bits of his body to different places in Tahiti. The top of a finger was sent to Matavai, and pieces of the hair, and of the feet and hands, to other places.

Still, he knew it was probable, that war would soon be declared, and therefore he tried to prepare himself for it, by collecting all the muskets he could find. He induced some of the people in Eimeo to exchange their muskets for gifts, but he forced away those of others. The people of Tahiti heard that he meant, when he returned, to take their muskets also,

and they resolved to die sooner than to part from them. Thus the king's violent behavior fanned the spark of anger in his subjects' breasts, and made it more probable that they would soon rebel.

When the missionaries heard of these disputes, they saw that it was too likely they might one day behold another war, which was the thing they most dreaded, especially on account of the women and children in the family.

In September, 1805, the brethren suffered a very severe loss. They had enclosed a piece of ground about a mile from their dwellings, and planted in it six hundred cocoa-nut trees, orange-trees, and lemon-trees. They had watched over these trees for two years, when, in one night, the precious plantation was almost all burnt. They suspected that some envious persons had set fire to the long grass that grew on the outside of the fence.

None of the natives took any pains to discover how the trees had been destroyed, or appeared to feel sorrow for the loss. The brethren met together to consider whether they should inform the king of the affair, but they agreed not to complain, for fear blood might be shed on their account.

The brethren would have found it hard indeed to continue to labor for the souls of these ungrateful people, had they not remembered Him, who, when we were enemies, delivered up his Son for our sins.

This thought enabled them to bear their injuries meekly, and to continue unwearied in their work of love.

The king remained in Eimeo one year and a half. In January, 1806, he returned to Tahiti.

The brethren went to Pare, where the king landed, to meet him. The queen, who was with him, appeared to be extremely ill. The king seemed pleased to see the brethren, and told them that he should come in a few days to Matavai, and should wish them to build a small plastered house for him, close to their own, in which he might write without being disturbed. He also expressed a wish that some presents might be made him.

Although the king continued obstinate in wickedness, he appeared anxious to be more than ever with the missionaries. One day he requested them to ask his mother whether he might enter the new missionary house, which was built after the arrival of the new missionaries, as he was desirous to go into the upper rooms, never having seen any rooms raised above the ground floor. It appears that Idia had power to set aside the Tahitian law, which made all houses that kings entered belong to them. Idia gave the desired permission, and the king gratified his curiosity by walking through the upper rooms, but he did not go into the lower rooms, or into the other houses of the missionaries.

In March, 1806, the brethren endured a loss, not of property, but of one of their own selves. Mr. Shelley set sail with his wife and child in a ship that touched at the island.

Mr. Shelley's room, which was up stairs, was given to Mr. Tessier. The missionaries were soon afterwards surprised at receiving the following note from the king. It was, of course, written in the Tahitian language. This is the translation of it.

“FRIENDS—Give me the room above—the room that belonged to Mr. Shelley—give to me for a writing-place. Let the room below be for Tessier, and that above for me. If all agreed to by you, make up this my speech; if agreed by you, write that I may know your speech.

“POMARE, KING.”

The missionaries consulted together about what answer they should send to this note. They did not like to let Pomare have the room, for several reasons. One was, that Mr. Tessier wanted it, and had come into it the day before. Another was, that if the king lived there, the brethren would be much disturbed: people would often be coming to speak to the king upon business, would eat messes of food in the house and around it, and would make the place very untidy; would trample the garden under foot, and beg for the fruit growing upon the trees, or even take it without leave. The brethren, therefore, determined to pro-

pose helping to build the king a small house near them, as he had once expressed a wish for such a house. Still, they were afraid that the king had set his heart upon living with them in their *large* house. They sent him a kind note to tell him that they would have allowed him to have the room, had it not been for the noise and litter that his people would make.

In a few days they were pleased at receiving the following answer from the king.

“FRIENDS—Thus my speech continueth, and this is my desire. Do you stand to my wish, and turn not away your hearing, but hear you my speech. Give you Mr. Nott and Mr. Bicknell for workmen to do my room towards the sea, in the new house; for there it will be made, if agreed well by you. Friends, give also a saw, a plane, chisels, and other small things for the work. Agree you well to it? Is it agreed? Perhaps not. Write you your speech, that I may know. This is all. The speech is ended.

“May it be well with you, friends.

“POMARE, KING.”

The brethren readily agreed to help the king to build this little room, and sent the following answer.

“May you live, O king!

“The speech you have written we agree to. We will give the saw, augers, gimlets, and nails, to work your work.

“JOHN DAVIES.”

The room was soon finished. The king spent many hours in it writing. He never sat down to write, but used to lie upon the floor, leaning on his chest. He also learned to read English a little. But still he continued to work iniquity.

This spring his queen Tetua had an infant. Pomare told the missionaries that it had died, and pretended to be sorry for its death, though he himself had allowed it to be killed.

The queen, who had been ill for some time, now grew much worse. The king sent for a man to cure her, who, it was said, had the spirit of Mane-mane dwelling in him. You remember that that old priest was considered very powerful. However, the queen was not cured.

At nine o'clock in the morning of July 21st, 1806, Tetua died, aged about twenty-four years. Alas, though she had known the missionaries for nine years, she died a stranger to the true God.

The king appeared unhappy at her death, and so did several of his servants. Idia and a few other women cut themselves with sharks' teeth upon the occasion. The body was put in a canoe the same day, and taken to Pare to be embalmed, and placed under a shed in a little court. All things the queen had used in her lifetime were placed near her, such as her cups, combs, dishes, baskets, and tomahawk; but they were broken, in order to prevent people tak-

ing them away. Her relations brought her food every day; and as they laid it on the altar, they offered a short prayer to tell her that there were fish and cocoa-nuts for her spirit.

While these events were occurring, the brethren ceased not to labor, as we have before described, in teaching the people, and making journeys round the island. As they were cast down at seeing no person turn to God, in May they appointed a day for fasting and prayer. On this day they met together four times for prayer, and implored God to pardon their sins, and to enable them to bring some of the poor heathen to a knowledge of himself.

Mr. Davies had taken particular pains to teach the children in Tahiti. He had walked much about the island on purpose to find them; and Mr. Scott and Mr. Wilson had sometimes done the same. They had all found great difficulty in getting the children to come round them to be taught. At first, the children were shy, and frightened; and afterwards they were idle; and as they liked play better than learning, they often ran and hid themselves when they saw their teachers coming. The grown-up people did the children a great deal of harm by their bad advice. They told them to say to the missionaries, "You come very often, but what property do you give us? If you do not bring us beads, pins, or fish-hooks, we will not be taught. What is the good of

teaching us? It only tires us. You say you pity us; why do you not give us cloth?"

These poor little children did not know the value of their souls. How could they know it, when their parents taught them only to care for such things?

The grown-up people often sat by the children while they were being taught, and talked to them, or even whispered nonsense into their ears, to make them laugh, or contradicted all the missionaries said, and told the children it was nonsense.

You will, perhaps, wish to know what kind of instruction the missionaries gave to the children. They could not teach them to read, for the children would not look at their letters; so they only taught them to repeat a short catechism by heart. Some of the children at last learned this catechism perfectly, and even remembered it after not having been taught for several months. This was some encouragement to the brethren, and induced them to make a longer catechism.

They found, however, that they wasted much time in going to look for the children, especially since the king's return to Tahiti; for now there were feasts continually given in different places, and the children were always going to these feasts; and some of the boys became servants to the king, and followed him about from place to place.

In November, 1806, Mr. Davies opened a school in the new house, and invited the boys, who lived near, to attend it on three evenings in the week. The boys that helped the brethren to cook were among the scholars. The children liked the school so much, that a month afterwards, they asked Mr. Davies to teach them oftener. He agreed to instruct them every morning. These boys learned to read and to write. They were taught first to make letters on the sand by the sea-shore. The missionaries prepared some spelling-books for them, and some histories from the Bible, and sent the books to England to be printed, and in the meanwhile they used in the school little books they had written out. This school cheered the missionaries' spirits, because the boys seemed to take a pleasure in learning.

Another event happened at the end of the year, which gave the brethren some relief. They had not heard from their friends in England for five years—not since the Royal Admiral had brought the new missionaries. At length a vessel arrived with letters and parcels. Their joy, however, was mixed with disappointment; for the clothes that had been sent to them, were so much injured by the sea-water, that many of them could not be used at all.

The brethren, knowing Pomare's covetous disposition, sent him some of the things they had received, and wrote him the following note:

“POMARE—This is the property that is left for you, ten hatchets, ten scissors, ten looking-glasses, six razors. They are from *all* the missionaries. The cloth is rotten.

“JOHN YOUL.”

Soon afterwards they received the following note from the king:

“FRIENDS—I am greatly pleased with your present.
“POMARE.”

As there was no word for “thanks” in Tahitian, Pomare could not have expressed his gratitude, even if he had felt any.

By this ship there arrived a letter for Pomare from the directors of the London Missionary Society. It was in English, and was read to Pomare by the brethren in Tahitian. Pomare was able to answer the letter himself. He wrote a long letter in Tahitian, the brethren translated it into English, and then Pomare copied the English, and sent both the Tahitian letter and the English letter to the directors.

As the letter was long, I will only give a part of it.

“FRIENDS—I wish you every blessing, friends, in your residence in your country, with success in teaching this bad land, this foolish land, this land which knoweth not the true God, this regardless land.

“Your request I fully consent to, and shall consequently banish Oro, and send him to Raiatea.

“Friends, I hope also you will consent to my request, which is this: I wish you to send a great number of men, women, and children here. Friends, send also property and cloth for us, and we also will adopt English customs.

“Friends, send also plenty of muskets, and powder, for wars are frequent in our country. Should I be killed, you will have nothing in Tahiti. Do not come here when I am dead; Tahiti is a regardless country.

“This also I wish, that you would send me all the curious things that you have in England. Also, send me every thing necessary for writing—paper, ink, and pens, in abundance; let no writing utensil be wanting.

“As for your desire to instruct Tahiti, it is what I fully acquiesce in. It is a common thing for people not to understand at first; but your object is good, and I fully consent to it, and shall cast off all evil customs.

“What I say is truth, and no lie; it is the real truth.”

Was this letter sincere? Can we think it was, when Pomare very soon afterwards desired that a man might be killed at Atehuru as a sacrifice, and taken in a canoe to another place? In order to conceal the deed from the missionaries, he desired that

the canoc, in passing Matavai, might keep far out to sea. Pomare made such fair promises to the directors in England, only that he might coax them to send him property. He did not now wish to be instructed about God, though he once had appeared inclined to attend. As he was almost all day in one of the rooms of the brethren, he was often spoken to about his soul, and his sins, but he always turned the conversation to some other subject; and still seemed to be a "child of the devil," "an enemy of all righteousness."

CHAPTER XI.

DARKER DAYS THAN ANY THAT HAD GONE BEFORE, SUCCEEDED BY VERY BRIGHT ONES.

THE event the brethren dreaded at length occurred. In May, 1807, there was another war in Tahiti.

A very trifling circumstance was the principal occasion of it. A man in Atehuru made the bones of a chief, who had once been slain in battle, into fish-hooks. Now this chief was a relation of the king's, and it was considered an insult to the king to turn the bones to such a use. The king was much inclined to war, and he was encouraged to begin it by one of those wicked men who pretended to be inspired by Oro. This prophet, who was called Metia, said that Oro was angry, and that he wished the king to fight against the men of Atehuru. This war lasted about three years, and the island was in such an unsettled state, that the missionaries were all obliged to leave it. Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward went to the neighboring island of Huahine, but all the rest went to Port Jackson, in New South Wales. After some time, the brethren who were at Port Jackson received a letter from Pomare, in which he told them that many chiefs had brought men from other islands to help him to subdue his rebellious subjects, and that

he was now acknowledged king, and at the same time he entreated them to return.

Soon afterwards letters arrived from Mr. Hayward and Mr. Nott, mentioning that they were with the king at Eimeo, and that peace still continued. Most of the missionaries accordingly returned the first opportunity to the poor heathen. After a fatiguing voyage, they arrived at Eimeo on the last day of October. They found the king there as well as his mother Idia, Mr. Hayward, and Mr. Nott.

Pomare received them with great delight. The brethren soon observed that he appeared to regard his idols less than he had done in time past: partly, perhaps, from having found the prophecies of the prophet Mitia, respecting his success, so false; partly, perhaps, from his afflictions, and the company, at such a season, of Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward.

The missionaries had to suffer great inconveniences, as they had no comfortable houses, like those they had built in Tahiti.

Before these missionaries had arrived, Pomare had written another letter to Mr. Henry, entreating him to come. This is part of his letter:

“Where are Mr. and Mrs. Eyre? Are they settled? I am grieving for them. Where are the other missionaries? Where is their dwelling-place? I shall not give over my sorrowing for them. We

do not regard our dwelling-place here, since the missionaries are not here; they are wanted to make us happy. We are now lonesome—Notty and Mr. Hayward also. My good friends, agree to my request to you, and then I shall be happy: come you here, my dear friend, come you here to Tahiti. When you come, procure a little wine for us. If you come, I shall be happy. Write to me, that I may know your sentiments, my dear friend. Do not be neglectful, as I am grieving for you, my dear friend. Don't you closely look at this badly written letter.

“Health and happiness to you, and Mrs. Henry; may you live and prosper. Tare, Tiritahi, and little Jo also.*

“May we all be saved by Jehovah, the true God of this world—our Confidence.

“POMARE.”

There were now seven missionaries in Eimeo, namely, Messrs. Nott, Hayward, Bicknell, Scott, Wilson, Davies, and Henry.

The place where they settled was called Pa-pe-to-ai, and was situated near Talu harbor, a safe and convenient place for ships to cast anchor in.

Here they built dwellings, and planted gardens; they built also a very small chapel, in which they had service every Sabbath in the Tahitian language;

* These were the names the natives gave to Mr. Henry's children, Sarah, Samuel, and Eleanor.

but very few people attended, as most of the chiefs had gone with their servants to Tahiti. This chapel only cost them twenty-four looking-glasses, which had been bought in England for sixteen shillings, and which they gave to the natives, as a reward for assisting to build the chapel.

They also opened a school, but could only procure twenty scholars, whom they taught to write on the sand, and to read in printed spelling-books.

They wished to go to other islands to spread the Gospel, but they thought it would be well first to build a ship that might be always at their command, to take them from island to island. In order to build it, they were obliged to remain together. Some events also occurred which inclined them to continue in Eimeo. One of these was the most joyful that could have happened, though others were of a mournful nature.

Pomare grew more and more attentive to the brethren's instructions, and on one occasion he gave a proof of his disregard of his idols that caused much surprise.

It was the custom, when the natives caught a turtle, to bring it to Pomare, because it was a sacred animal, that might not be eaten like other food. It was thought necessary that the king should send it first to the idol's temple to be dressed with sacred fire, and give part of it to the idol before he ate any himself.

In the spring of 1812, a turtle was caught, and Pomare's servants were taking it to the temple, when the king called them back, and desired them to dress it in the oven in his kitchen, and to serve it all up for his dinner.

The servants thought the king was mad, or in joke, but when they heard him repeat the order, they were obliged to obey.

At dinnertime the king's friends and servants stood around in silence, expecting to see the king presently fall in convulsions, or drop down dead. In vain the king asked them to eat with him, and assured them that the gods had no power to hurt them. The servants, as they removed the dishes, expressed their surprise that he had not yet been punished, while they still fully expected, that before the morrow, some judgment would be sent. But, as no harm did befall him, the king was much confirmed by this event, in his contempt of idols.

Pomare's conduct on this occasion would have been much more surprising, if another of the natives had not already tried a still bolder experiment. This native was Pahi, the brother of the king of Raiatea. Some time before, when he was at Tahiti with king Pomare, he dreamed that a large fierce cat pounced upon him, and tore his face in a shocking manner. He awoke in great alarm, but falling asleep again, dreamed the same thing; and after again awaking,

fell asleep, and dreamed it a third time. He then said to himself, "This is my bad god who has disturbed me; I will destroy it." Next day he seized the log of wood, which till then he had worshipped, threw it into the flames of an oven, and baked some breadfruit with it. The natives were astonished at his boldness in burning the god; but still more at his daring to eat the breadfruit that had been baked with its ashes. Pomare was then very angry with Pahi, and yet, as you have seen, soon afterwards behaved in a similar manner.

About this time Pomare declared, that for the future he would only have one wife. He determined to marry the eldest daughter of the king of Raiatea. Accordingly he sent a message to that monarch to inform him of his intention, promising to send a fleet of canoes with some chiefs, to fetch the princess. The king of Raiatea had another daughter, named Tera, a little younger than her sister, and much handsomer. She asked her father to allow her to visit Pomare immediately, and when she had obtained permission, she set out, accompanied by a great train of chiefs, both men and women. When Pomare saw her, he liked her so well that he determined to make her his wife. It is probable that Tera had hoped, before she set out, that Pomare would act in this manner. Pomare was, however, afraid lest the king of Raiatea should be offended at what he had done, and should

go to war with him; therefore he said to Tera, "You shall not be my *queen*; your eldest sister shall be my *queen*, and you shall be my *wife*."

He sent the fleet to fetch the eldest sister, as he had promised; and when she arrived, she bore the title of Pomare Vahine, or the female Pomare, and was treated with more honor than her sister. But though Pomare appointed his wife's sister to the dignity of queen, we will not *call* her queen in this history, because in other histories she is not spoken of under that name. We shall therefore call Tera *queen*, and Pomare Vahine we shall call the *queen's sister*. You will, however, expect to hear of Pomare Vahine very often, and to find that she is a person of great consequence. She was also the queen of the island of Huahine, though, as she did not live there, a person called regent ruled in her stead.

At length Tera the queen had a little daughter. The conduct of Pomare, with regard to this infant, was very hopeful. In former times, very strange commands were given upon the birth of a royal infant. No fires were allowed to be lighted for many days, except at a great distance from its dwelling. No boat was allowed to leave the shore, so that the people were generally much distressed for fish; and no persons were permitted to approach the child except sacred persons, dressed in sacred clothes. Pomare observed none of these customs, but told the

missionaries that he wished his baby to be brought up like an English child, and asked them to give him cups, saucers, and spoons, that he might have it fed in the English manner. This child was called Ai-ma-ta, of whom you will hear much hereafter.

On the 18th of July, 1812, Pomare held a conversation with the missionaries which greatly delighted them. He came to them and said, "You do not know the thoughts of my heart, nor I yours, but God does." This was the way he began the conversation. I cannot repeat it all, but in the course of it he said, "I wish to be baptized, for it is my fixed purpose to cleave to Jehovah, and to you, who are his people. I wish you to pray for me."

One of the brethren replied, "We have never ceased to pray for you, and it would truly rejoice us to see you give your heart to God. Then we would baptize you."

Pomare again answered, "You do not know my heart, nor I yours; but He who made men knows their hearts, and whether they speak truth or falsehood to each other."

The brethren then said, "It is the custom for missionaries not to baptize heathens as soon as they desire it, but to wait, and instruct them in the things of God for some time, and to observe their conduct, to see whether they have truly forsaken evil ways."

Pomare replied, "I am willing to do as you think proper, and to be baptized when you see fit."

In the course of this conversation, Pomare said, "I should like to build a chapel;"—for the chapel already built was very small.

The missionaries proposed waiting till all the confusion in the islands was over; but Pomare answered, "Let us not mind it; let the chapel be built at all events." Pomare also said, "I have been trying to persuade Tamatoa and Tapoa," who were kings of other islands, "to do as I intend to do; but they say, 'You may do as you please; for our parts, we will cleave to Oro.' But that is the same," observed Pomare, "as cleaving to Satan. If no one else would hear you, or turn to your God, yet I would; for I desire to be happy after death, and to be saved in the day of judgment."

It is impossible to express what joy the missionaries felt, when they heard Pomare speak in this manner. They were not, however, quite sure whether Pomare was really converted, and they waited with anxiety to observe his behavior.

They would have begun to build the chapel immediately, but in less than a month after this conversation, two chiefs came over from Tahiti, and invited Pomare to return, promising to endeavor to reconcile all their disputes with him; for the peace that had been already made between Pomare and his subjects

had not been a sound and sincere one. The missionaries beheld him depart to Tahiti with great regret, as they feared lest he should yield to the temptations he would meet with.

About this time they were encouraged to hope for more conversions, by the happy death of one of their young servants. Though, when first taken ill, he would not listen to them, he seemed at length to be brought to repentance, and cried for pardoning mercy through Christ, till he could speak no more.

The brethren received from Pomare after his departure, very different letters from any he had ever written before. In one of these letters he said,

“You indeed will be saved, you are become the people of God; but I may be banished to hell; God may not regard me; I am a wicked man, and my sins are great, and heaped together.”

In another letter he said,

“I was taken ill about three o'clock on Monday morning last. My affliction is great, but if I can only obtain God's favor before I die, I shall count myself well off. But O, should I die with my sins unpardoned, it will be ill indeed with me.”

In a third letter Pomare wrote thus:

“I continue to pray to God without ceasing. Regardless of other things, I am concerned only that my

soul may be saved by Jesus Christ. It is my earnest desire that I may become one of Jehovah's people, and that God may turn away his anger from me, which I deserve for my wickedness, my ignorance of him, and my heaped-up crimes."

Some months afterwards, Pomare seemed to feel a brighter hope of pardon, for he said in another letter,

"I venture with my guilt to Jesus Christ, though I am not equalled in wickedness, nor equalled in guilt, nor equalled in obstinate wickedness and rejection of the truth; that this very wicked man may be saved by Jehovah Jesus Christ."

The missionaries now thought that Pomare must be really converted, for he seemed so much grieved on account of his sins. He also appeared anxious to do what was right, for in the last letter that has been quoted, he said, "There are a great many thieves in Tahiti; they have stolen six pieces of cloth, and books, and other things. Shall I sin in killing the thieves? Write me fully what you think, my dear friends."

Once Pomare murdered men who had done him no harm; now he was afraid of being cruel to those who had robbed him. He also observed the Sabbath constantly, and endeavored to persuade all his friends to turn to God. Though he was a king, many

mocked him on account of his religion, and told him angrily, that he was the cause of all the troubles in Tahiti, because he had offended Oro, who had made him king.

The missionaries were filled with astonishment to think that so very wicked a man as Pomare had been, should turn to God; yet Christ, they knew, came to save the chief of sinners. They gave all the glory of the change to the great and wonderful grace of God, which alone could change so great and wonderful a sinner.

CHAPTER XII.

THE JOYFUL DISCOVERY.

THE missionaries now found the people in Eimeo very ready to attend to their instructions, and they heard that the people in Tahiti also were inquiring after the true God. It was agreed that two of the brethren should go over to Tahiti, to see whether the joyful report was true.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Hayward were sent upon this errand. They landed in Tahiti, and slept that night in one of the native houses. Early in the morning they rose, and each went to look for some retired place among the bushes where he might pray. While Mr. Scott was alone, he heard a voice; it seemed the voice of prayer; he drew nearer to the place whence it came, and heard a Tahitian blessing the true God. It was the first time he had ever heard such words from a Tahitian's lips. Tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, and he longed to clasp the Christian man to his heart; but he waited in silence till the man left the spot, and then he knelt down, and thanked God fervently for having bestowed his Spirit upon the poor heathen. Mr. Scott returned to the house, and there met his friend Mr. Hayward, whom he informed of the joyful event. They inquired amongst

the natives for the man who had left off worshipping idols, and were told of one named O-i-to, who had done so. They sought for him, and heard his own account of himself. Oito had once been a servant to the missionaries, when they had lived in Tahiti, but he had not *then* believed; lately he had been struck with some remarks the king had made, and longing for instruction, he had gone to a man called Tu-a-hi-ne, who had been servant to the missionaries for many years, and he had asked him to teach him. Tuahine was in the same state of mind as Oito. These two often met to pray together, and to converse, amongst the lonely places in the mountain. The change in their behavior was soon observed by their countrymen. Some ridiculed them; a few, however, joined their little prayer-meetings, and agreed to give up worshipping idols, and all evil customs, and to keep the Sabbath-day. Such was the account that Oito gave of himself to the missionaries.

Mr. Scott immediately wrote a letter to inform the brethren in Eimeo of these happy events. When the brethren read the letter, they shed tears of grateful joy. They felt now that they were rewarded for sixteen years of toil, and watching, and alarm; for God had granted to the Gentiles repentance unto life.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Hayward went round the island

of Tahiti, preaching the Gospel, and then invited Oito and Tuahine, and their praying companions, to return with them to Eimeo, to receive instruction at school, and at chapel. These Christian natives were glad to accept the invitation, especially as Tahiti was at this time in a state of great confusion and wickedness. You may imagine how affectionately these people were received by the brethren in Eimeo.

The missionaries knew that there were many people in Eimeo desirous of serving the true God, and they were anxious to discover who they were, that they might instruct and watch over them. I will now relate the plan they adopted for this purpose.

The chapel that Pomare had desired to be built, was opened for public worship on July 25th, 1813, just one year after Pomare's order had been given. The king himself was not there at the opening, as he was still at Tahiti. When the evening service was just over, Mr. Davies invited all persons who sincerely desired to cast away their idols, to come to the chapel the next evening, that he might write down their names in a book. About forty attended at the time appointed. The brethren prayed and sung, and Mr. Nott gave a short address, and asked all to come forward who really desired to serve the true God alone. Thirty-one consented to have their

names written down ; amongst these were Oito and Tuahine. The brethren invited this little company to meet them often in the chapel to be instructed privately.

One of them named Mu-i, was soon called to his rest. This poor youth had shown great love for the word of God and prayer, and had crept to the bushes, to pray in secret, as long as he had strength. When confined to his hut, he would say, as the people passed by on their way to school or chapel, "My feet cannot go, but my heart goes with you."

About the same time a person of a very different character died. This was Idia. She had always been a bitter enemy to Christ, and had even prevented others from confessing their belief in him. Several persons who had been afraid of declaring they were Christians in her lifetime, did so as soon as she was dead. It is true, she had been kind to the missionaries, but not for their Master's sake.

The missionaries suffered much from illness, especially from swellings in their limbs, and from bilious attacks. Sometimes almost all of them were ill at the same time, and unable to preach. The Christian natives lamented their teachers' illness, with tears in their eyes, saying, "Alas, what will become of us, if you die?" The brethren themselves feared that some of their lives would soon be cut short, and they wrote letters to England, entreating that more mis-

sionaries might be sent to their help; yet in all their weakness they had much to rejoice in.

They observed with delight that the people they instructed prayed daily, both in their families and secretly amongst the bushes, and constantly asked a blessing upon their food. For these habits, the Christians were much ridiculed by the heathen, and called "Bu-re A-tu-a," or praying people. This was an honorable title, but it was meant as a reproach. In all countries, the people of God are mocked by the ungodly. In England and the United States, they are often called "saints, methodists, evangelical," and many other names; but such reproaches are an honor indeed; for Christ himself was even called "Beelzebub, or the devil." Matt. 12:24.

There were many persons from other islands assembled in Eimeo at this time, and some of them were anxious to be instructed by the missionaries, and came and dwelt near them. They had come to Eimeo to assist Pomare in his wars; but God, in his wisdom, had brought them there that they might carry back the peaceful tidings of salvation to their own countries. During this year, some of them returned to Raiatea and Huahine, whence they came.

Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward went to visit these islands in a ship that touched at Eimeo, and found the people ready to assemble to hear them of their

own accord, and full of contempt for their idols, calling them bad and foolish gods. At the end of two months, the two brethren returned with the joyful account to Eimeo. Some of the missionaries would gladly have gone to live in the neighboring islands, but they were obliged to keep together to finish the ship. They were also so frequently ill, that they were afraid of separating from each other.

The missionaries were anxious to baptize those people in Eimeo who appeared truly converted. But as Pomare was the first who had asked to be baptized, they thought it proper to write to him on the subject. They had been grieved by hearing bad accounts of his conduct, especially of his drinking too much, a sin to which he had always been much inclined. In their letter to him, they begged him to consider his own case, and whether he was in a fit state for baptism.

Pomare wrote to them in answer, that he should soon return to Eimeo, and that he did not wish any persons to be baptized before he came, and recommended the brethren to wait to see whether the people were sincere in their religion.

The brethren, however, were not so fearful of any of the people having deceived themselves, as they were of Pomare himself.

It was selfish in Pomare to wish to make the people wait to be baptized, till he should return; but

he seemed to have a proud desire to be the first to be baptized, and perhaps it was not right in the brethren to grant his desire.

After an absence of two years, the king returned to Eimeo; but when he came, though he expressed a strong desire to be baptized, the brethren felt too much dissatisfied with him, to comply with his request; yet they did not baptize any of his people. He still continued firmly resolved to be a Christian in name, but alas, he did not appear to possess a renewed heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE IDOLS WERE PUBLICLY INSULTED.

THE people in Eimeo grew more and more anxious for instruction. There were now above three hundred names written down, and three hundred scholars, chiefly grown up people, who attended the schools every day.

At this time a very striking conversion took place, which shook exceedingly the power of Satan among the heathen.

One evening Mr. Nott, after preaching at the tents of one of the great chiefs who had visited Eimeo, was returning home by the sea-shore, when a priest called Pa-ti-i, followed him. He had listened to Mr. Nott's sermon, and now seemed anxious to converse with him. Mr. Nott was astonished to hear him say, "To-morrow evening I shall burn the idols under my care."

Mr. Nott replied, "I fear you are jesting with me: you know we wish you to burn them; but do you really intend to do so? I can scarcely believe what you say."

"Don't be unbelieving," replied Patii; "wait till to-morrow, and you shall see." The rest of the way, Mr. Nott and Patii conversed only about Jesus Christ and his salvation.

When Mr. Nott told his brethren what Patii had said, they wondered whether he would keep his word, and feared that if he did, the people would be much enraged by his burning their honored idols.

The next morning Patii and his friends were collecting wood near the sea-shore; in the afternoon they were splitting it, and making a great pile near the idols' temple.

A great number of the heathen, as well as the missionaries and their friends, assembled at the place in the evening. Just before the setting of the sun, Patii appeared and ordered his servants to set fire to the pile of wood. He then went to the idols' house, and brought the gods out, one at a time, as he had often done before. But he did not now praise them as in former times, but after spreading them in a row upon the ground, he tore off the cloths which covered them, stripped them of their ornaments, and then threw them one by one into the flames; and as he threw each, he pronounced its name, and repeated its foolish history, calling upon the people to observe what a helpless log it was. Never had the sun set upon a more joyous sight, than upon those expiring flames, which had consumed the chief idols of Eimeo.

The heathen returned home, astonished at what they had seen. Some expected that the gods would soon show their anger, while others doubted more than ever whether the gods had any power at all,

and began to burn their idols and to destroy their temples. Patii himself from this time diligently listened to the missionaries, and walked worthy of the blessed Gospel of Christ.

The queen's sister, about the same time, publicly showed her contempt for idols. She had arrived the year before at Eimeo, accompanied by a great train of servants. Amongst them was a man called Farefau, who became a Christian, had his name written down, and attended the school.

This spring the chiefs of Eimeo sent, according to the custom, a large present of pigs, and fruit, as a feast for the princess. Before the feast was given, the princess, who was herself inclined to be a Christian, consulted the king and her other friends on the subject. She wished to prevent the ears of a pig, or the head of a fish, being taken to the marae, as an offering to the gods; for she desired the food to be sanctified by the true God. It was determined that some person should offer a prayer to this God over the food, before it was eaten. It required great courage to offer such a prayer before the idolaters. Farefau, however, undertook to do it, and kept his word.

The priests, who were waiting near, ready to carry the food to the marae, were enraged; but yet they durst not take it there, after it had been offered to the Christians' God.

Soon afterwards the queen's sister went over to

Tahiti, accompanied by the queen herself. Pomare gave them a book to convey to his little girl, who was now three years old, and who was residing at Tahiti with her nurse.

When the idolaters in Tahiti heard that the king had sent a book to his little daughter, they saw that he intended to bring her up in the new religion, and they were more determined than ever, not to let Pomare be king.

The chiefs, as usual, gave a feast to the queen and her sister on her arrival in Tahiti. Some of the priests, observing that these ladies despised their gods, began to speak to them in an insulting manner, and to threaten them with the anger of the beings they despised, and, at the same time, pointed to some bunches of red feathers, which were hanging near, and which were intended to represent their gods.

Farefau, hearing these speeches, exclaimed, "Are these feathers the mighty things with whose anger you threaten us? I will soon settle the affair." He instantly seized hold of them, and threw them into an oven, which was dug near, and thus destroyed them.

This act was perhaps unwise. The idolaters were exceedingly provoked by it, and though they durst not revenge themselves on the spot, they waited for an opportunity to do so.

While the queen and her sister were in Tahiti,

Pomare set out upon a journey round Eimeo, for the purpose of persuading the heathen, wherever he went, to turn from idols. It may surprise you, after what you have heard of Pomare, to find that he could take so much pains in God's service. The missionaries also were perplexed by him : sometimes they hoped he was a child of God, and sometimes they feared he was a child of the devil.

During the journey he wrote to the missionaries. In his letter, he said,

“I am highly pleased, that the chief people attend so well to the word of God. This was my business in this journey, to make known to them the word of God ; and, behold, they have listened unto it ; they have regarded it. Had it been otherwise, I should have been much grieved. To-morrow is our meeting for prayer ; the beginning of the new month. Should these even ask me to write down their names, how ought I to act ? Shall I write them ? Write your mind to me without delay, and give me instructions how to do. May you be blessed of God.

“POMARE, KING.”

This letter would have given the missionaries much comfort, had not some parts of Pomare's conduct alarmed them.

While the word of God was taking root in some hearts, sin raged more violently in those of others.

The rebellious Tahitians had committed dreadful deeds for a long while past. They had seized an English vessel, had murdered some on board, and had attempted to seize other vessels; they had persecuted the Christian natives, burnt one of their houses of worship, and hunted them as sacrifices for Oro. It was considered dangerous to be known as a Christian. Some indeed were brave enough to worship God openly; but others, like Nicodemus, were afraid to confess Christ, and only met together for prayer at midnight, in the thick woods and lonely valleys.

Amongst those who suffered for the sake of Christ, was a young man, whose affecting history I will now relate.

When he became a Christian, his relations laughed at him; then they made him flattering promises, on condition he would again worship their gods; and last of all, they threatened him, and cast him out of his father's house. After he was become an outcast, his enemies fixed upon him for a sacrifice to their idols. They went in search of him, and found him sitting beneath some trees at the top of a hill near his little dwelling. He had retired to that quiet spot to meditate upon God, before he offered up his evening prayer.

He saw a crowd of servants of the priests and chiefs approaching—as once in Gethsemane, our Sav-

your had beheld Judas and his enemies. Suddenly the young man guessed the purpose for which they were come. When they came near, they told him the king was arrived and wished to see him; he calmly replied, that he did not believe the king was come. They then told him some of his friends wished to see him. But he answered, "Why do you seek to deceive me? I know that a man is soon to be offered to the idols, and I know that I am to be that man. But Jesus Christ is my keeper. You may be permitted to kill my body, but I am not afraid to die. My soul you cannot hurt; Jesus Christ will keep it safely."

His enemies, finding that they could not persuade him to come down with them to the sea-shore, where a canoe was waiting, rushed upon him, and killed him; then, putting his body into a basket of coconut leaves, carried him in the canoe to the temple.

Some time afterwards, the rebels in Tahiti fixed upon a young man named Aberahama, as a sacrifice. He was chosen because he was a Christian. When he saw the priest's servants approaching, he fled; but was pursued by them, shot at, and wounded. As soon as he received the ball, he fell; and unable any longer to run, he crawled among some bushes, and hid himself. His enemies endeavored to discover the place of his concealment; they came very near him several times; but could not succeed in finding him;

and at last went away disappointed. When they were gone, and night was come, Aberahama crept out of his hiding-place to the house of his friends, who dressed his wound and carried him to a place of safety. He recovered from his wound, but never lost the honorable scar, which showed that he had endangered his life for the sake of Christ, even of that Saviour who is now seen in heaven, like a lamb as it had been slain.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE WHICH CHANGED THE STATE OF TAHITI.

THE year 1815 was the most remarkable that had ever been known in Tahiti. I am now going to relate the great events that occurred in it.

You have already heard how much the heathen in Tahiti hated the Christian natives. At length some of them determined to destroy them entirely. Many of the heathen chiefs, who had before been at enmity with each other, joined together in this scheme.

They fixed upon the night of July 7th, when they heard the Christians would be assembled together, probably for prayer, near the sea-shore.

The Christians came together as was expected; but they were secretly informed of the plan their enemies had made, and immediately jumped into their canoes and sailed for Eimeo, where they arrived next morning. The heathen chiefs assembled at the place appointed soon after the Christians had escaped, and were enraged at not finding them. As these chiefs had been enemies formerly, they soon began to quarrel among themselves. The greater part turned against those who had first proposed the slaughter of the Christians, and destroyed many of

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them. Thus God showed his anger against wickedness, by causing the wicked to fall into the pit which he had digged.

The missionaries in Eimeo of course received with affection the poor Christians who fled to them for protection. When they heard what had happened, they felt much alarm lest the heathen should at length rise up in both islands, and destroy all the worshippers of Jehovah. They set apart the 14th of July as a day of fasting and prayer, to beseech the Lord to turn the hearts of their enemies. They had often set apart days in former times to pray for the conversion of the heathen, and then they had prayed alone, but now hundreds of native Christians joined in their prayers.

Their God soon showed them his ear was not heavy that he could not hear, nor his arm short that it could not save.

Soon afterwards two chiefs from Tahiti arrived in Eimeo. They came to invite the Christian chiefs who had fled to return to their lands.

It was necessary the king should return with the Christians, that he might make good their right to their lands, according to the ancient customs. The king, therefore, set out with them and their servants, accompanied also by many Christians from other islands. They knew that they had numerous enemies in Tahiti, and therefore they were prepared for war.

When they arrived in their canoes at the shores of Tahiti, they saw on the beach a great number of people with spears and guns, who forbade them to land, and fired on them several times. The king did not fire on them in return, but sent a flag on shore with an offer of peace. At length the people allowed them to land, and appeared inclined to be peaceable; so that many of the chiefs returned quietly to their own lands. But though the heathen *appeared* friendly, they were forming plans for destroying the king and his friends. The king suspected their wicked intentions, and kept a constant watch over their proceedings.

One of the king's chief enemies was a man called U-pu-fa-ra. He had often heard of the true God, but would not believe in him. One night he had a dream, in which he saw an immense oven, with a very great fire, and in the midst of it a large fish twisting itself in agony, and trying to get out; and though in the fire, not consumed, but still living. He awoke much alarmed, and could not sleep again that night; nor could he forget what he had seen, but thought that perhaps the dream had been sent to show him what he should suffer for his sins in hell.

Seeing his friends resolved to fight against Pomare, he said to one of them, "Perhaps we are wrong: let us send a message to the king, and propose to make

peace ; and ask for books, that we may know what this new word is." The priests, however, persuaded him to fight, assuring him that Oro would deliver the praying people into his hands. O why did Upufara listen to their deceitful counsels, and resist the good desires that had sprung up in his heart ? Who ever hardened himself against God and prospered ?

Two days afterwards he led the people to battle against Pomare. The day of the battle was the Sabbath, Nov. 12, 1815.

Pomare and his friends did not know that they should be attacked by their enemies on that day, but they knew it was very probable that they should be assailed on some Sabbath, when they were engaged in God's worship ; and therefore they had appointed men to watch outside the chapel while they were assembled in it, and had desired these men to fire if they saw the enemy approaching.

Early on the Sabbath morning, Pomare and eight hundred persons, some of whom were armed with spears and guns, were collected in the chapel in Buna-a-u-ia. They were just going to begin service, when they heard the sound of their watchmen's guns. They looked out and perceived an army at a distance, carrying before them the flags in honor of the idols.

"It is war, it is war," the Christians exclaimed. Some of them were hastening to their tents for arms,

when Pomare arose and requested them to remain quietly in their places, assuring them that God would protect them during his own worship, which ought on no account to be forsaken. A hymn was then read by one of the company, and sung by the congregation: a portion of Scripture was next read, and a prayer was offered. The service being thus finished, those who were unarmed went to their tents to procure weapons.

The battle was fought on the sand of the seashore, and among the trees that grew close to it. Many of Pomare's army had not yet become Christians; these were not placed in the front, as they could not be so well trusted as the Christians, who even requested to occupy that situation. Among the warriors was the queen's sister, Pomare Vahine, a tall, strong woman, who wore a sort of net of cords for armor, and held a gun and spear. On one side of her fought Farefau, her bold Christian servant. Pomare himself sat in a canoe, and shot at the enemy.

The heathen rushed upon Pomare's army with furious courage, having been assured by their priests, that their gods would give them the victory. But the Christians looked up to their God for help, and often knelt, during the battle, upon the grass, either alone, or two or three together, and offered up a short prayer.

Several were killed on both sides. At length

Upufara, the chief captain of the heathen, was shot, and fell. As he sat gasping on the sand, his friends gathered round him, and endeavored to stop the bleeding of the wound. "Leave me," said the dying warrior. "Mark yonder young man; he inflicted the wound; on him revenge my death." Thus, breathing vengeance, Upufara expired. Two or three strong men ran towards the man who had shot their captain; one of them overtook him, and sprang upon him before he was aware; but, as he was endeavoring to strangle him, was himself slain by the same gun that had destroyed Upufara, and which the man still held in his hand.

The news of Upufara's death greatly discouraged the heathen army, who were at last obliged to flee to the rocks and mountains for shelter. The king's soldiers were going to pursue them as in former times, but Pomare approached, and cried out, "A-ti-ra," or "It is enough. Pursue none that have fled from the battle, neither burn their houses, nor murder their children." You know what cruelties were practised by the heathen on their conquered enemies. How great a change had God wrought in Pomare's once cruel heart. Even the bodies of the enemy, instead of being left upon the shore for dogs and swine to devour, were properly buried, and the body of Upufara was carried to the place where his fathers lay in their tombs.

Instead of ending the day in slaughter, Pomare assembled his little army to thank God for their great deliverance. How much had depended upon the battle fought this day. Had Pomare been conquered, all the Christians would have been cruelly killed or made slaves, and the idol gods would have been honored as in former days. But now God was praised by his servants, and even by many who had never before worshipped him, and who joined in the praises of that evening.

Instead of killing his enemies, Pomare determined to destroy their idols. He sent a band of men to the temple of Oro to overthrow it. Before they set out, he said to them, "Go not to the little islands, where the women and children of the enemy have been sent for safety; turn not aside to burn houses, nor to destroy groves, but go straight along the highway." The men obeyed. When they arrived at Oro's temple in Tairabu, they were afraid lest the people should be enraged at an attempt to insult their god, and should attack them; however, they were not prevented by these fears from acting in a very courageous manner. They began by firing into the small house where the idols were kept, saying, "Now, ye gods, if ye be gods, and have any power, come forth, and avenge the insults which we offer you." The multitude stood around, astonished both at the boldness of the men, and at the helplessness of the idols.

The house was soon afterwards pulled down, and the gods shot through and through, and cast into the fire. Oro himself was not destroyed; only his covering and ornaments were thrown into the flames. He was merely a piece of wood rather longer than a man, and about the thickness of a man's leg. This senseless god was carried to Pomare, and laid at his feet.

And what use do you think the king made of Oro? He set it up as a post in his kitchen, fixing pegs upon it, on which baskets for food were hung, and after a time he used it as fuel. This was the end of Oro, about whom the Tahitians had fought so fiercely for many years. Thus may all God's enemies perish.

The people who had fled to the mountains, sent persons secretly in the night, to see whether their wives and children had been hurt. They were astonished to hear that they were safe, and that the king and his friends promised to pardon all their enemies. At first they could not believe the news. After a few days they ventured to leave the mountains; and when they found that neither their houses nor families had been injured, they readily went to entreat the king's pardon, and to promise obedience for the future. They now saw how good the God was that Pomare worshipped, a God who taught him to be merciful to his enemies. "We had done every thing to offend the king," said they; "and yet,

when he was able to destroy us, he freely forgave us." They had often heard before that God so loved his enemies, as to give his Son to die for them, but now they believed it.

As soon as possible after the battle, Pomare sent to inform the missionaries in Eimeo of his success. A man who had been a chief priest and an areoi, was the bearer of the message. The missionaries and their scholars saw the canoe approaching, and hastened to the beach ; but before they could ask a single question, the messenger exclaimed, "Conquered, conquered—by prayer alone;" and then, with his spear in his hand, sprang upon the shore.

The missionaries at first could scarcely believe the news for joy, but soon they assembled to render thanks to God, both for delivering them from the heathen, and for overthrowing the idol gods.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WILDERNESS TURNED INTO A GARDEN.

It might naturally be expected that some of the brethren would now remove to Tahiti, to dwell there; and it was their wish to remove, but they were still engaged in building a ship. When they had begun to build this ship, they could scarcely induce people to hear them; therefore they had not then so much work to do for souls, as they now had. They had intended to use the ship in going from island to island, both to preach, and to get pearls or pigs, to exchange with English ships, that they might not require so much money from the Christians in England. They were now sorry that they had ever begun it.

But though the brethren were not able yet to settle in Tahiti, they were anxious to visit it, and to behold the wonderful change that God had wrought there. Accordingly, Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward went very soon to Tahiti, and travelled round the island, preaching to large congregations on their way. They found the people busy in destroying maraes, and in building little chapels. In these chapels, the natives were accustomed to meet together three times on the Sabbath, and once in the week. As the natives in general were not able to preach, they

usually only prayed at their meetings, and read parts of the little books which had lately been printed, and which contained passages from Scripture. At these meetings they sometimes read prayers, which they had first written down. Pomare had written a prayer, which he often read himself in the chapels.

You will no doubt like to see a translation of this prayer.

“Jehovah, thou God of our salvation, hear our prayers, pardon thou our sins, and save our souls.

“Our sins are great, and more in number than the fishes in the sea, and our obstinacy has been very great, and not to be equalled. Turn thou us to thyself, and enable us to cast off every evil way. Lead us to Jesus Christ, and let our sins be cleansed in his blood. Grant us thy good Spirit to be our sanctifier.

“Save us from hypocrisy. Suffer us not to come to thy house with carelessness, and return to our own houses and commit sin. Unless thou have mercy upon us, we perish. Unless thou save us, unless we are prepared, and made meet for thy habitation in heaven, we are banished to the fire—we die : but let us not be banished to that unknown world of fire. Save us through Jesus Christ thy Son, the Prince of life ; yea, let us obtain salvation through him.

“Bless all the inhabitants of these islands, all the

families thereof; let every one stretch out his hands unto God, and say, 'Lord, save me; Lord, save me.'

"Let all these islands—Tahiti, with all the people of Eimeo, and of Huahine, and of Raiatea, and of the little islands around, partake of thy salvation. Bless Britain, and every country in the world. Let thy word grow quickly in the world, so as to grow faster than evil.

"Be merciful to us, and bless us, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

This prayer showed that Pomare had been taught aright what to pray for.

Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward found the people very anxious to learn to read. As there were no schools in Tahiti, the people were willing to be taught by any one whom the missionaries had instructed, when they lived in the islands. Many grown up persons might be seen sitting under trees learning to read. Some of the missionaries' former scholars went to the other islands, and taught the inhabitants. The chiefs of these islands sent messages to the brethren, entreating them to come over and preach to them.

When the missionaries saw and heard these things, they exclaimed, "This is the finger of God. What hath God wrought."

The king had some time before destroyed his public idols; but he now wished to part with his family

idols, that he had always kept in his houses. He sent about twelve of these frightful little images to the missionaries in Eimeo, with a letter, of which I will copy a part.

“FRIENDS—May you be saved by Jehovah, and Jesus Christ our Saviour. This is my speech to you, my friends.

“I wish you to send these idols to England for the missionary society, that they may know the likeness of the gods that Tahiti worshipped. These were my own idols belonging to my fathers, and my father left them to me when he died. And now, having been made acquainted with the true God, with Jehovah, HE IS MY GOD. When this body of mine shall be dissolved in death, may the Three-One save me. This is my shelter, my close hiding-place, even from the anger of Jehovah. When he looks upon me, I will hide me at the feet of Jesus Christ my Saviour, that I may escape.

“I rejoice and praise Jehovah that he hath made known his word unto me. I should have gone to destruction, if Jehovah had not interposed. Many have died, and are gone to destruction—kings, and common people—they died without knowing any thing of the true God; and now, when it came to the small remainder of the people, Jehovah hath been pleased to make known his word, and we are

made acquainted with his good word, made acquainted with the deception of the false gods, with all that is evil and false. It was you that taught us, but the knowledge came from Jehovah. It is because of this I rejoice, and I pray to Jehovah that he may increase my abhorrence of every evil way.

“I am going a journey round Tahiti to acquaint the people with the word of God. The principal idol that has the red feathers is Temeharo; that is his name. Look you, you may know it by the red feathers. That was my father's own god, and those feathers were given by Lieutenant Watts. It was my father that set them himself about the idol. If you think proper, you may burn these idols all in the fire; or, if you like, send them to your own country, that the people there may know Tahiti's foolish gods.”

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The missionaries, when they had read this letter,
nailed up the images in a wooden case, and soon afterwards sent them to England, to the directors of the London Missionary Society.

This summer the brethren made several journeys round the islands of Tahiti and Eimeo.

I will give you some account of a journey made by Mr. Davies and Mr. Hayward round Tahiti this October, that you may perceive how great a change had taken place in the island.

The two brethren were accompanied by several canoes from Eimeo, full of men and boys; for this time the brethren did not travel round the island on foot, but went by water. They landed at every place where there were any houses; but now they had no need to go from house to house to entreat the people to come and hear them, for the people came of themselves; and many were not satisfied with the public worship, but followed the brethren to the house at which they lodged, that they might be present at the family worship; for it was now the custom for most of the families to have prayers both morning and evening, and the brethren usually conducted the service, when they were present. In the evening, one of the brethren read a passage from a little book of extracts from the New Testament, and explained it, and then prayed. In the morning, it was often too dark to read when the brethren rose, and in this case they generally asked one of the natives to pray aloud.

But the natives were not content with family prayers alone. The brethren were delighted, wherever they went, to see them seeking retired places among the bushes for private prayer, both morning and evening.

The natives were so anxious to learn about holy things, that they often kept the brethren awake as they lay in bed, asking them questions, almost till

morning. It would have been more kind, if they had permitted the weary missionaries to rest ; but it was well that they took delight in good conversation, instead of laughing and talking, as they used to do both night and day.

On one occasion, a man called Tino, who had formerly pretended to be a prophet, talked to the brethren in the night in a very sensible and pious manner. He observed, that no person ought to be kept back from coming to Christ, because of his wickedness ; "For," said Tino, "I have been the most wicked of men, and yet I am now turned to the true God, and my heart is quite fixed upon him."

Early in the morning people often came to the brethren with their books, entreating to be allowed to read a little piece to them.

In every place the brethren found a chapel : sometimes it was very small, and many of the people who flocked to hear the brethren, were obliged to stand outside. The chapels, like the houses, were built of posts, placed a little apart, and were thatched with leaves, while the ground was strewed with clean grass. In the middle of one side, a seat for the minister was placed, with a small table before it, while rows of benches were provided for the hearers. There were sixty-six of these chapels in the island ; some were hardly finished when the brethren arrived. The people assembled for public worship three times

on the Sabbath, on Wednesday evening, and in many places they met on the first Monday in the month, to pray for the conversion of the heathen, according to the custom of the missionaries, and of their friends in England.

The people in general seemed much rejoiced at the change that had taken place. One chief, called Tati, observed, "If God had not sent his word, we should soon all have been destroyed; for once we were a much larger nation than we are now; but through killing infants, sacrificing men, and fighting, we were becoming fewer and fewer."

But though in general the brethren were cheered by the eager attention of the people, they were sometimes grieved by meeting with careless persons, yet seldom with the bold and scornful, as in former times; for the good example of the chiefs was a check to the ungodly.

At one place the missionaries found the people very giddy and inattentive at worship. They re'proved them, and said, "When we saw your little chapel, we were pleased; but now we see your behavior, we are disappointed."

At another place they sent a message to some people who lived on the other side of some high rocks in Taiarabu, to come to them; but the men sent word that they could not come, and hoped the brethren would come to them instead. Accordingly, the

brethren, with great difficulty, clambered up the steep rocks; but when they came into the valley, they were disappointed to find that all the men were gone to get food. They went back again, and preached to some other persons in a chapel near the seashore. Afterwards the men who had behaved so ill came in, and said they were sorry they had so little love for the word of God as to lose opportunities of hearing it, especially as it was so seldom preached among them.

When the brethren had gone almost round the island, they came to Matavai, and found the king there, living in a small house built on the very spot where their old house once stood. They looked at the trees which they themselves had planted, and found some of them laden with oranges and lemons, though most of the breadfruits were destroyed. The king treated them very kindly, and the people of the place begged them earnestly to come back and dwell among them again. The brethren were not able yet to grant the request, but they intended to grant it as soon as possible.

How righteous were God's judgments on the people of Matavai. They had slighted the word of God when it was preached among them, and had driven away their teachers by their rebellious wars. God had, in judgment, sent "a famine of hearing the words of the Lord," Amos 8 : 11, and "removed

their teachers into a corner." Isa. 30 : 20. It is very dangerous to neglect religious advantages. Many children who have been brought up beneath the sound of a faithful minister's voice, have longed in vain to hear such a voice in riper years. Many persons who have lived in godly families, have discovered what a blessing they once enjoyed, when they could never enjoy the same again.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BABA.

ABOUT this time some new missionaries arrived. The ships which brought them touched first at Tahiti, where the king was residing. Pomare was much pleased to hear that Mr. Ellis had brought a printing-press with him, and asked him to put it up in Tahiti, and remain there himself. Mr. Ellis, however, told him that he must join his brethren in Eimeo.

The ship contained a present for Pomare that delighted him exceedingly: it was a horse. Pomare went down to see it, in the narrow place where it had been kept, unable to lie down. It was a difficult thing to remove the animal to the shore. Pomare had desired two canoes to come close to the ship to receive it. The horse was then tied with bandages to a part of the ship which jutted out over the sea. While the horse was hanging in the air the bandages gave way, and the poor animal dropped into the sea. Pomare and the natives were much terrified when they saw him disappear beneath the waves. Soon, however, he arose snorting from the water, and began to swim to the shore. The natives plunged into the sea, and seizing the horse, some by the mane and others by the tail, endeavored to hold him, till he

appeared in danger of being drowned. In vain the king raised his voice to desire the people to leave the animal alone; his voice was lost in the cries of the swimmers. At length the horse reached the beach in safety. The natives who were assembled there immediately fled in alarm, and climbed the trees, or hid themselves behind the rocks and bushes. One of the English sailors who was on shore, went up to the horse, and took hold of his halter. The natives then returned from their hiding-places, and gazed at him with wonder. No horse had ever been seen in Tahiti, except one that had been left there by Captain Cook forty years before; but few of the people could remember a circumstance that occurred so long ago. The horse was placed in a shed that night. The next morning the captain brought a bridle and saddle as a present for Pomare. Pomare requested him to put them on the horse, and to ride upon his back. The natives were delighted when they saw the horse trotting and cantering on the beach, and they called it "land-running pig," and "man-carrying pig." Not one, I believe, would have dared to mount it himself.

On the Sabbath Mr. Ellis visited some of the natives in their dwellings, between morning and afternoon service. He found them reading out of their little books with their families, and talking with them upon the things they read of.

Mr. Ellis was much pleased to observe how carefully they kept the Sabbath, not even preparing their food upon that day. On other days they were much more industrious than they once had been, for they had now left off the foolish games they formerly delighted in. Grown up people no longer wasted their time in playing at ball, or shooting at a mark, or still worse, in wrestling, boxing, and cock-fighting, but employed themselves in the useful labors of building and planting. Little gardens of taro, which resembles a potato, surrounded many of the dwellings. The greatest ornament of these gardens was a little house for secret prayer, which showed that the owners were looking for a better inheritance.

The brethren now consulted together respecting the place where they should set up the printing-press. They resolved to remove it to the other side of Eimeo, and agreed that Mr. Ellis, with Mr. Davies and Mr. Cook, should go and live there. By this means the people at the other side of Eimeo would have an opportunity of receiving instruction.

Pomare sent the brethren a letter, desiring them to inform him as soon as the printing-house was finished, that he might come to see the printing. However, he did not wait till that time, but paid them a visit, bringing with him a quantity of boards for the brethren. His mind seemed much occupied with thoughts of drawing, and he looked with pleasure at

some portraits of ministers in a magazine, and also at some pictures of beasts and birds. He did not, however, steal any, as he had once stolen the picture of Adam and Eve from Mr. Broomhall's Bible.

The brethren, as well as the natives, employed themselves in building the new houses. They paved the floor of the printing-house with stones. Whence do you think they procured these stones? From a neighboring marae, which had contained pieces of pavement, on which the worshippers had knelt before the altars. These polished stones were dug up and placed where God's word was to be printed. Thus Satan was robbed, and God was honored.

In the beginning of June the printing-house was finished. Its sides were composed of boards: and it had two glass windows, which had been brought from England, and which, perhaps, were the first ever seen in the islands.

A message was now sent to inform the king that all was ready for printing. He soon arrived, accompanied by a few favorite chiefs, and a multitude of people. The first book that was to be printed was the *Ba-ba*, or spelling-book; for though some hundreds had once been printed, both in England and at Port Jackson, there were not nearly enough in the islands.

Pomare looked with delight at the leaden letters, or types, placed in divisions. Mr. Ellis asked him

whether he would like to set them himself. Pomare gladly consented to begin the work. As the alphabet was to be printed on the first page of the Baba, it was easy for Pomare to take a large letter out of each division, and set it in its place. He next placed the small letters, and then, a few short words, and thus finished setting the first page of the spelling-book. But as it was necessary that many pages should be prepared before the press could be used, Pomare was obliged to wait about a fortnight before he could have the pleasure of striking off the first sheet.

At last he came, attended by two favorite chiefs, and followed by a crowd of curious, eager people. The king and his chiefs made their way through the people that stood round the door, and entered the printing-house. The door was then closed, and the window next the sea darkened, for the king did not wish to be seen, and the people did not behave with the politeness which Christian children are taught to show, not knowing it was rude to peep in at windows.

The king playfully told his companions not to laugh at him, if he should not print in the right manner. Mr. Ellis then put in his hand a soft ball dipped in ink, and told him to strike it upon the leaden letters. He then placed a sheet of clean paper upon the letters, and directed the king to turn the handle of the press. When Pomare had turned it, the paper was

removed from beneath the press; the king and his friends immediately rushed forwards to see what effect had been produced. When they beheld the large and black letters on the paper, they cried out together with wonder and delight. The sheet was then shown to the crowd outside, who immediately raised a general shout of joy. The king printed two more sheets, and then continued till sunset watching the brethren at the work. When he returned to his tent, he took with him the sheets he had printed.

Almost every day, as he passed the printing-house, on his way to his favorite bathing-place, he called in to watch the printing for a short time. The people also were continually peeping in at the windows, and through the crevices of the walls, often exclaiming, "O Britain, land of skill!"

In less than a month the spelling-books were printed off, and distributed among the people. The natives showed great anxiety to obtain these little books. The missionaries received a number of plantain leaves rolled up, from Tahiti; when they unrolled them, they found each contained a request for spelling-books written on the leaves. The people, generally, used plantain leaves instead of paper to write notes upon; but as the leaves soon withered, they were only fit for notes.

The brethren knew that the people were not only desirous to possess books, but that they longed to

read the contents; for many of them had copied their neighbors' books on pieces of cloth or bark, having used a reed for a pen, and purple juice for ink. They were also very anxious to know the meaning of what they read, in their little books of extracts from the Bible; and whenever the brethren entered their houses, the natives had generally some questions to ask them, which the brethren were delighted to answer.

How pleasant it would be if tracts and good books, and especially the Bible, were valued as much among us. But the full soul loatheth the honeycomb. We have so many books, and have had them so long, that we are tempted to forget what precious gifts they are.

Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Crook made covers for the spelling-books, and sold the covers to the natives in exchange for food. Two roots of taro, or a bunch of breadfruit, were the price of a cover. The spelling-books had not been sold, for fear of discouraging the people from learning to read.

Amongst the persons who received spelling-books was a company of poor strangers, who had come some time before to Tahiti, and who had followed Pomare to Eimeo. They came from the Pearl Islands, which were quite flat, and which produced nothing but cocoa-nuts, and they themselves were more rude in their manners than the Tahitians. They had been very wicked, and had almost destroyed their nation by their wars. But now they had cast

away their idols, and worshipped the true God, and had built three chapels in one of their islands. No Englishman had instructed them, but one of their own countrymen, who had learned to read in Tahiti, had gone back to his native country, and taught his people. These poor strangers were longing for books and more teachers. Pomare had been very kind to them, and had offered to let them live in Tahiti, but they were anxious to return to their native islands, as soon as they had procured the books they wanted. As they were not satisfied with spelling-books alone, many of them continued to live among Pomare's tents, and often visited the printing-house, and attended the school and chapel.

It gladdened the missionaries' hearts to see the knowledge of God spreading from isle to isle, and those who were accustomed to do evil, learning to do good; which is as wonderful, as for the leopard to change his spots, and the black man to become white; but things that are impossible with men, are possible with God.

CHAPTER XVII.

QUESTIONS THE NATIVES ASKED ABOUT RELIGION.

WHEN Mr. Ellis had finished the spelling-books, he printed some catechisms, and then some little books containing a collection of texts. He had taught two natives how to help him at the press, and he spent eight or ten hours every day in the work—so anxious was he to supply the people with books.

Mrs. Ellis opened a school, in which she taught Mr. Crook's six girls to work at their needle, and any native girls who desired to learn.

The brethren, on their first arrival, had planted flowers and vegetables in their gardens. The king was much struck with the sunflowers in Mr. Ellis' garden, having never seen any before, and he asked for some; Mr. Ellis, however, refused him, because he himself wanted the flowers for seed. The king then said the queen and her sister each wished for one. Mr. Ellis could not deny their request, and sent them one apiece. They were much delighted, and placed them as ornaments in their hair. This little anecdote shows you that Pomare and his family had not left off their old habits of begging.

In the course of the summer a man died, of whom you have already heard some interesting particulars. You remember Farefau, who once threw the red

feathers into the oven. He had continued to serve Christ ever since that time. He had often climbed the steepest rocks and mountains of Tahiti, to teach the people who lived at a distance from places of instruction. A few weeks before his death, he was brought to Eimeo in a deep decline; yet it was not supposed that he was so near his end. The day before he died, he told several people that his departure was at hand, but that he had no fears, for his mind was fixed on Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, who filled his soul with joy and peace.

The brethren had a very interesting meeting every Monday evening for conversing with the natives upon religious subjects. As I suppose you would like to hear what remarks the natives made on these occasions, and what questions they asked, I will relate a few of them.

They often spoke of the sermon they had heard on the day before. They once seemed alarmed after having heard Mr. Davies preach upon the character of Balaam. An old man afterwards asked, "What is the difference between a knowledge of God in the head, and a belief from the heart?"

Sometimes they asked questions about the doctrines of Scripture. Once a man asked, "May a man hope ever to be free from evil thoughts, while he lives?" The brethren told him, that as long as we lived, we had an evil nature to fight against, and an enemy to

tempt us; but that if we loved Christ, we should strive against sin, and grow more and more holy. Another time, a person inquired whether the wicked would ever be released from hell, and admitted into heaven. The brethren answered, that as the wicked would never *repent* in hell, they could never be released.

Another man asked why the wicked angels fell. The brethren told them that it was pride that made them fall. But when the natives inquired how pride came into heaven, the brethren could give them no answer, because the Bible does not explain this mystery.

Most of the questions asked at these meetings were about what things were right, or wrong to do. These questions showed that the natives were anxious to please God.

A person inquired whether it was right, that, at prayer-meetings, the chiefs should be asked to pray, while poor men, perhaps more pious than they, were not encouraged to take a part. The brethren said that it was wrong to show this respect of persons in *religious* meetings, though, on other occasions, respect should be shown to the chiefs.

Another time it was asked, whether a woman might lead family prayers when her husband was absent, and no other man present who could take his place. The brethren replied, that it would be right for a woman in that case to lead the service.

Once a man asked, whether he ought to change his name, as he had been an areoi, and very wicked. The brethren said, that if his *heart* was changed, his *name* was of no consequence.

Another time, a man asked whether the sick ought to be brought to the chapel to be prayed for. The brethren told him that it was useless to bring the sick to any particular place, as God heard prayer everywhere.

Sometimes questions about keeping the Sabbath were asked. It was inquired whether, when a person was taken very ill, his friends might be sent for on the Sabbath, though they lived at a great distance; and whether even a canoe might be sent to fetch them from other islands. The brethren said that it would be right to do so; for that whatever was an act of mercy, and necessary for the welfare of man, might be done on the Sabbath-day.

Two little anecdotes, which were related at these meetings, will show you how fearful the people were of breaking the Sabbath. Once two canoes were lying on the beach; the sea, coming up higher than usual, washed them from the shore; the owner of the canoes saw them tossing upon the waves, but would not go into the sea and pull them to land, because it was the Sabbath. In consequence, they were dashed to pieces among the rocks.

Another time a man saw a pig in his taro garden;

he perceived that the fence was broken, and that therefore it would be of no use to drive the pig out unless he mended the fence, which he was afraid to do, because it was the Sabbath-day. The men who related these anecdotes wished to know whether they had acted right. The brethren told them that they were mistaken, though they were right not to do what they *thought* was wrong. It is written in the Scripture, "Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin." Rom. 14 : 23. We should, therefore, like these natives, take great pains to find out what is wrong, and what is right; for even if an action is not wrong, we must not do it while we *think* it is wrong.

There were some godly parents who were grieved by the conduct of their wicked, disobedient children, and who asked the brethren's advice respecting their treatment of them. The brethren told them not to send these young people away from their homes, but to endeavor by kindness to melt their hearts, and continually to beseech the Lord to convert them.

As there were now sixteen missionaries in Eimeo, it was desirable that all should not remain in that island. Yet it was thought necessary that the ship, still on the stocks, should first be finished, and the books in the press published. The ship which the brethren had been building for four years, was now ready to be launched; but the masts and sails were not yet added to it.

On December 7, the launching of the ship took place in the presence of the king, the missionaries, and vast crowds of people. The natives pulled it by ropes into the sea, amidst the shouts of the multitude.

Pomare had chosen it should be called the Haweis, in honor of Dr. Haweis, one of the ministers who had taken so much trouble to send out the first missionaries to Tahiti. It is pleasing to find that Pomare felt grateful to this benefactor, though he had never seen him.

May not Pomare's gratitude to Dr. Haweis remind us how we ought to love One whom we have never seen, and who has been kinder to us than any earthly benefactor could be?

Pomare sometimes wrote letters to Dr. Haweis, who was still living. I will show you part of one that he wrote a short time before the ship was launched.

"DEAR FRIEND—May you be blessed, and your family, with the salvation of Jehovah the true God.

"I was startled at receiving your letter, for I thought you had been taken away by our Lord. The small watch that you sent me is in my hands, and remains as a keepsake from you, dear friend.

"Your name has been given by me to the vessel which has been built here. I was urgent about it, for some said it should have another name, but I

said, 'No; the name must be the Haweis.' The reason I was so urgent about it was, because you were so very attentive to us of Tahiti, yea, indeed, all of you; for the Lord put the thought into your minds, to send messengers here to Tahiti, that they might sound the trumpet, and make known the way of life.

"I send you two little fans; which the royal family of these countries were accustomed to fan themselves with. When the day of the feast arrived, and the king was prayed for, those were the fans that used to fan away the flies.

"What am I to do with the little pearl box which was in the little parcel you sent me? Had it been directed to me, it would have been right, but there is another name on it, that of the queen of Lattakoo; that is the reason I inform you of it. I have sent back the little pearl box to Mr. Marsden at Port Jackson, that he may return it to you.

"If you write to me again, I shall be glad. If it be agreeable, send me three books: one very large Bible, one to carry about, very small, and one book of geography. If it be not agreeable, very well. Do not think evil of me, dear friend, for the small request that I make at the end of my letter.

"May you be blessed by Jesus Christ, the true King of salvation, by whom we must all be saved.

"POMARE."

One of the brethren removed almost immediately to Matavai, in Tahiti, where the missionaries had at first resided. This was Mr. Wilson, who took with him his wife and four little children. It was a joyful day to many of the people in Tahiti, when they again saw the face of a teacher, come to live among them; for nine years had passed away since the brethren had fled from their island. No part of Tahiti was so ungodly as Matavai, on account of the number of wicked sailors that visited it in the English ships, and sold spirits, and set a bad example. Yet, even here, there were a few that really loved God. I will give you an instance of one. After the Monday evening meeting, a man once followed Mr. Wilson to his house, and said to him, "Is it right for people to weep, when they go to pray in the bushes? for I cannot help weeping when I pray. Do othre people weep?"

Mr. Wilson replied, "Why do you weep?"

"It is," said the man, "the thought of God's great goodness to me, of the love of Christ in dying for sinners, and of the return that I have made, only bad behavior, that makes me weep." Mr. Wilson rejoiced over this penitent sinner, well knowing how acceptable his tears were to Him who permitted his feet to be washed with the tears of humble, grateful love.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT THE NATIVES VALUED ABOVE ALL THINGS ELSE.

THE natives were now looking forward to receiving a more precious book than any they had yet obtained. Though this book would not contain the whole of the Bible, but only the gospel of Luke, yet the idea of possessing it filled the natives with such delight, that many could not sleep for joy.

For many years past, Mr. Nott had been employed in translating the gospel of Luke into Tahitian, and Pomare had been very useful in assisting him, and copying it out for him.

The six missionaries lately arrived had brought with them an immense quantity of paper, so that Mr. Ellis determined to print three thousand copies of Luke; yet these he feared would not be enough to supply all who could read.

Hitherto the brethren had given away the little books they had printed; they now agreed to sell the book of Luke, because with the price they might buy more paper, and print more books. The price they fixed on was three gallons of cocoa-nut oil. Some months before the books were ready, they advised the natives to begin to prepare the oil.*

* This was the manner of preparing the oil. The kernel

While the book was in press, the natives who visited the printing-house, read different parts of it with great interest, and asked so many questions about what they read, that Mr. Ellis was often obliged to stop printing to explain it to them. Not only did visitors generally fill the printing-house, but they even thronged the windows, and those who could not get near in any other way, sat upon the top of a high fence placed around the house, or climbed upon the backs of their companions.

When the books were nearly finished, the crowds increased. Numbers came from distant parts, so that the sea-shore was covered with canoes, and the land dotted with tents.

The missionaries, however, did not like to distribute the books, till they were bound. At first they used mill-board and sheep-skins from England, and when these were exhausted, they were obliged to make covers of native cloth, covered with old newspapers, dyed with purple juice. They bound the book intended for the king in a more handsome manner, even in red morocco.

At last the people grew so impatient, that the brethren gave up binding the books. They were pleased to find that the natives did not suffer the precious books to remain without covers. The lives of the cocoa-nut was scraped, placed in a trough, and exposed to the sun, when the heat caused oil to flow from it.

of dogs, cats, and goats, were now very unsafe, for the natives caught them for the sake of their skins; they then scraped, pressed, and dried the skins in the sun, to prepare them for covers. The brethren were amused to see the trees all round the printing-house, thickly hung with skins stretched on wooden frames. Meanwhile the people were careful not to injure their books, and as they could not refrain from reading them, they placed them between thin pieces of boards, till the skins were ready. They were not even satisfied when they had bound them, but carried them about either in bags or baskets. They scarcely knew what to do with them when they left their houses for a short time, as they were afraid that they should hurt their treasures, if they took them with them, and that, if they left them at home, some accident would occur in their absence.

I will mention one instance of the anxiety that the natives showed to obtain the books, that afterwards they preserved so carefully.

One evening, five men from Tahiti landed at Afa-reaitu, and hastened to Mr. Ellis' dwelling. Mr. Ellis met them at the door, and asked them what they wanted.

They replied altogether, "The word of Luke," and then showed their bamboos of cocoa-nut oil.*

* A bamboo is a hollow stick. It is not hollow throughout, but is divided by notches at short distances. The natives cut

Mr. Ellis told them that he had no books ready that night, but that if they would come the next day, he would give them as many as they wanted, and he advised them to go and lodge with some friend in the village. Then, as it was almost dark, he wished them good night, and went into his house. When the sun rose, Mr. Ellis looked out of his window, and was surprised to see these men lying on the ground outside his house, their only bed being some platted cocoa-nut leaves, and their only covering the cloth they usually wore over their shoulders. Mr. Ellis went out, and said, "Have you been here all night?"

They said that they had.

He next inquired, "Why did you not go to some house to lodge?"

"We were afraid," replied the men, "lest, if we had gone away, some one might have come before morning, and have bought all the books that you had to spare, so that we should have been obliged to return without any. As soon as you left us last night, we determined not to leave the place till we had procured the books."

This answer surprised and delighted Mr. Ellis. He called the men into the printing-office, put the loose sheets of the books together, as quickly as he could, and gave each of the men an unbound copy the bamboos at the notches, and used each piece as a bottle. Each piece contains nearly three quarts.

of Luke's Gospel. They then requested to have two more copies for a mother and a sister. These books were also granted, and the cocoa-nut oil was received as the price. Then each of the men wrapped up his book in a piece of white cloth of bark, put it in his bosom, and set sail for Tahiti, without having either eaten or drunk, or visited any person during his stay at Eimeo.

Probably many of the people, who appeared to love the word of God, cared more for having a book of their own, than for knowing God's will; but others certainly did love it because it was able to save their souls through faith in Christ. The word of Luke was now read in numerous families, both at morning and evening prayers. Often in the day, persons might be seen sitting in a circle under the shade of a tree, listening to some native, who was reading the Gospel aloud.

The missionaries now intended very soon to separate from each other, and to dwell in different islands; but, before they took this step, they executed a new plan in Eimeo. They thought that as the natives knew how precious the Gospel was, they would be willing to give some of their property to help to send it to heathen lands. Therefore, the brethren determined to form a Missionary Society in Eimeo. They first proposed the plan to the king, who approved of it, and who soon afterwards said to

one of his pious chiefs, named A-u-na, "Do you think you could collect five bamboo-canes of cocoa-nut oil in a year?"

He answered, "Yes."

"Do you think you could spare so much, for sending the word of God to the heathen?"

Again A-u-na replied, "Yes."

"Do you think," continued Pomare, "that those who value the Gospel in this land, would think it a great labor to collect so much oil every year?"

"No," replied A-u-na, "I do not think they would."

"Then," said the king, "think about it, and let us join together in a plan for this purpose."

The king and chiefs consulted privately with the missionaries, and arranged all the rules of the new society.

On May 13th, a great meeting was held at Pape-toai, in Eimeo. All the missionaries assembled at the placē, and numbers of natives came over from Tahiti. The day was begun by a prayer-meeting among the natives at sunrise, and by another among the brethren. It was arranged that the service was to begin in the chapel at three o'clock; but, long before that hour, the place was so crowded that the people agreed to remove to a grove of cocoa-nut trees at a short distance.

When the brethren entered this grove, they found the natives already assembled there, and they were

much struck with the beauty of the scene. The grove was situated close to the sea, and at the foot of steep rocks and high mountains. Shells and white coral were strewed upon the beach; various kinds of lovely plants hung from the jutting rocks, while others twined round the stems of the trees, and adorned even the branches with festoons of pink blossoms. The trees were so tall, and covered with such large and numerous leaves, that their branches formed a ceiling at a great height above the people, and shaded them entirely from the sun. Multitudes, in their native dresses, were seated on the thick grass beneath.

A wooden stand was prepared for Mr. Nott, close to the trunk of one of the tall trees. The king was seated in an arm-chair before him, and was dressed in a yellow tiputa, with a scarlet flower painted on the part that covered his breast. The queen and her ladies, and many chiefs, were seated near the king.

How delightful it was to think that these people were assembled, *not* for war, nor for bloody sacrifices, *not* for rioting, nor immoderate feasting, as in times past, but to assist in sending the word of God to poor ignorant heathen.

The service began with singing and prayer; then Mr. Nott preached from the words, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" and the answer of the

Ethiopian, "How can I, except some man should guide me?" Acts 8 : 30, 31.

When the sermon was finished, Pomare addressed his people. He reminded them of their former state, when their choicest fish and fruits were offered to their idols, and when even men were sacrificed. He then described the happiness they now enjoyed through the Gospel, and proposed giving their property to help to send it to other lands. He declared, he wished only those to give who gave willingly; and that, as he supposed those who did not love the Gospel themselves, would not give *willingly*, he desired they should not be forced to give, or even called mean and avaricious because they did not give. Pomare concluded his speech by requesting that those who wished a Missionary Society to be formed, would hold up their hands. Hundreds of dark-colored arms were in one moment lifted up towards heaven. Cheering sight to the brethren, who remembered how lately those hands had been used in executing wicked deeds!

As the sun hid its head beneath the distant waves of the sea, the king arose from his chair, and the people returned rejoicing to their houses; but none rejoiced as those did who had sown the good seed that was now springing up in many hearts.

Mr. Ellis had not finished distributing the Gospel of Luke at the time this meeting was held, therefore

he returned with some of his brethren to Afareaitu for a short time.

But soon the time came when the brethren might go and reside in different islands. The ship *Haweis* was now rigged, and was ready to convey them to their new stations.

Mr. Ellis determined to leave Eimeo, and to go to the island of Huahine. Nine years before, the missionaries had lived in that island for a year, and since that time the inhabitants had cast away their idols, and had built many chapels.

Mr. Ellis left Eimeo with great regret. He had been much pleased with the natives while he lived there. They had behaved with so much honesty, that though he had no bolt nor lock upon his door, not an article had been stolen. You have not forgotten their former thievish disposition, but now they stole no more.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHAPEL WITH THREE PULPITS.

FOR some time past Pomare had been building a very large and handsome chapel in Tahiti, at a place called Pa-pa-o, which was only four miles from Matavai.

The missionaries had advised the king not to build so immense a chapel, as it would be of less use than a smaller one; but Pomare had replied, that king Solomon once built a very magnificent temple, and that he wished to imitate him. His immense chapel was finished in the spring of 1819. It contained one hundred and thirty-three windows and twenty-nine doors. It was seven hundred and twelve feet long, and fifty-four feet wide.

There is not a church of so great a length.* As it was impossible that a preacher could speak loud enough to be heard to the end of the chapel during a whole sermon, three pulpits were placed in it. The ceiling was covered with fine matting, and the floor with dried grass; and the building was filled with benches and pews. The most remarkable thing in the chapel was a stream of water, that ran in a

* St. Paul's church in London is 500 feet in length, and 180 in breadth.

slanting direction through it. The stream had not been observed till after the chapel had been begun. The builders might have tried to turn the course of this stream, which flowed from the mountains into the sea, but then, perhaps, the water would have overflowed ; therefore they suffered it to pass through the chapel. I think those who sat near it must have been reminded by the sight of this living stream, of the living water that Jesus gives to those who ask him, and of the crystal river that makes glad the city of God.

The chapel was called the Royal Mission Chapel. Great crowds of people flocked from all the islands to be present at the first service performed in it in May. The tents of the visitors lined the shore for four miles.

The day when the chapel was opened, the king and royal family were present. A minister stood in each of the pulpits. Mr. Darling, who was in the middle pulpit, gave out a hymn in a voice loud enough for all to hear, and the six thousand people who filled the chapel joined in singing it. Then each minister read Luke 14 to the people around him, and afterwards prayed. Though three voices were raised at once, yet from the great size of the place, they did not interfere with each other. The three sermons began at the same time, and ended very nearly together. The congregation then joined in singing

a hymn, and the ministers concluded the service with prayer. Thus ended this joyful meeting.

The next day the congregation assembled again to hear three sermons for the Missionary Society. In the afternoon they heard three more. A great many subscriptions had already been made to the Society. The king had put down his name as a subscriber of eight hogs a year.

The day following, which was Thursday, the laws were publicly given to the people. The king had made the laws some time before, with the assistance of his chiefs and the advice of the missionaries, and had written them out with his own hand. There were eighteen laws. Amongst them were laws against murder, rebellion, theft, and Sabbath-breaking.

Murderers and rebels alone were to be punished with death. Thieves were only to be obliged to restore four times the amount of property they had taken.

On the day when the laws were proclaimed, the people assembled in the chapel, and Pomare asked Mr. Crook to begin with prayer and reading. Then Pomare stood in the middle pulpit, and after looking joyfully round upon his subjects, spoke to one of his chiefs named Tati, saying, "Tati, what is your desire? What can I do for you?"

Tati, who sat nearly opposite the pulpit, arose and

said, "Those are what we want—the papers you hold in your hand—the laws. Give them to us, that we may hold them in our hands, that we may regard them, and do what is right."

The king then said in an affectionate manner to another very pious chief, "Utami, what is your desire?" He replied, "One thing only is desired by us all—that which Tati has said—the laws which you hold in your hand." The king then spoke to the other chiefs in the same manner. He next read aloud the eighteen laws, and explained several parts of them. After reading each law, the king said to the chiefs, "Do you agree to this law?" and the chiefs replied after each, "We heartily agree to it." The king next asked the people after each law, if they agreed to it to lift up their right hands. This was done in an instant, and caused a rushing noise to be heard, so vast was the number of arms in a moment lifted up. When the king came to the law against rebellion, he seemed almost inclined to pass it over, as many who had rebelled against him were present. Yet when he had read the law, Tati, who had been a ringleader among the rebels, not satisfied with holding up his hand as usual, arose, holding up *both* hands, and called upon the people to do the same. This was an instance of the change that the Gospel had made in many a proud, rebellious heart.

On the next Sabbath, the most interesting of all the meetings on this occasion was held. Pomare, who long since was ready to be enrolled as the first convert from heathenism, had lately shown a strong desire to devote himself to God, and had received much instruction from the brethren. Three sermons were preached that morning, at the close of which the king solemnly professed his faith in a crucified Redeemer. The brethren, who had long watched over his soul, felt much moved on this solemn occasion. Mr. Bicknell, in a very feeling manner, entreated him to walk worthy of the profession he had made, remembering, that as he held the high office of a king, the eyes of men, as well as those of God and angels, were fixed upon him.

Mr. Henry then exhorted the people to follow the example of the king, and give themselves to the Lord. After singing and prayer, the king shook hands affectionately with all the brethren.

We have thus related the events of the happy week when the Royal Mission Chapel first was opened. O how different were these assemblies from those feasts at which Pomare and his father had often distributed the bleeding limbs of men among the chiefs, as offerings to the gods! The rest of the year was full of happy events.

As all the people preferred hearing the missionaries preach to hearing the natives, they came from

a great distance to the chapels where missionaries preached. Therefore there was service no longer in the little chapels, which were either suffered to fall into decay, or used as school-houses. Many natives came and lived near the different stations of the brethren, and those who had lands at a distance, and could not live near them, assembled on Saturday afternoon in their canoes, and set up their tents on the beach.

It was delightful to see the people preparing their food on Saturday, which was called "food-day," in consequence. They lighted fires, at which they boiled their puddings of bananas, and breadfruit, and cocoa-nut milk. Men might be seen coming from the stream with vessels of water in their hands, for washing their hands on the Sabbath, and women with bundles of breadtree leaves for plates. In each house little baskets of food were hung up on the pegs of the great posts, and the best clothes were put out ready to wear. The natives spent Saturday evening in singing, reading, and praying in their houses.

On the Sabbath-day no tree was climbed, and no fire was lighted; but the day was devoted to the care of the soul. At sunrise the people prayed alone, as usual, either among the bushes, or in the little prayer-houses, or in some retired corner of their own. At seven they assembled in the chapel for prayer

and reading, though the ministers did not come so early. From eight to nine, the schools for boys and girls met in the school-houses. The natives themselves instructed the children in the knowledge of God, and heard them repeat their hymns and catechism.

At a quarter before nine, a sound was heard: sometimes it was the sound of a shell, that a man carried round the village, and blew like a trumpet; in other places, it was the sound of a stone striking against a bar of iron hung on a tree; and in others, it was the sound of a little bell; but whatever was the kind of sound, the meaning was the same—"Come ye to the house of the Lord." Then the teachers led their classes to the chapel. The girls walked first, two and two, and hand in hand, most of them wearing frocks like English children, and bonnets made of plaited grass or bark. Each carried in her hand a little basket, containing her hymn-book, catechism, and the Scriptures. The boys came afterwards, dressed in native garments, a little mat of bark round their waists, and a little red or yellow shawl thrown over their shoulders, a hat of plaited grass, and no shoes on their feet. Some of their parents were often watching to see the children pass by. Many a mother then blessed God, as she looked on her darling child, for sending the missionaries, who showed her the sin of burying it in the earth.

The children sat in their appointed places at chapel. The people were all ready before service began, for though they had scarcely any clocks or watches, they were obedient to the sound of the trumpet-shell.

At half-past ten, or eleven, service was over. The children walked back in order to their school-houses, and were then dismissed by their teachers. After dinner the children assembled in school again, but as it was very hot at that hour, each teacher often took a class to sit under the shade of some thick tree, and there asked them to repeat what they had heard of the morning sermon, and talked to them of a Saviour's love for little children.

Afternoon service began about four. By sunset the people were all returned to their dwellings, to spend the evening in reading, singing, and prayer. Sometimes a few families met together, and sometimes the father of each family taught his own children and servants.

In this manner the converted natives of the South Seas passed their Sabbaths: they called them "a delight, honorable, and did honor God; not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words, but delighting themselves in the Lord." Isaiah 58 : 13.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NEW CUSTOMS OF TAHITI.

ALTHOUGH I have given so pleasing an account of the people of Tahiti, you must not suppose that all the people were converted in heart. It is to be feared that only a few were really born again, although the behavior of most was changed. Sometimes even those who the missionaries hoped were converted, grieved them by their conduct.

A chief one day said to Mr. Bourne, in a proud manner, "What are you teaching us? Why do you not instruct us in English, and other things besides religion?" But in a few days he came to him, and said he had been reading the words of Christ, "He that despiseth you, despiseth me," and had been so troubled on account of his bad behavior, that he had neither been able to eat nor sleep till he had confessed his sin.

I have told you also, that the people gave their property willingly to the missionary society; yet this was not always the case.

One day a man came to Pomare with five bamboos of oil, and said, angrily, "Take them for your society."

"No," said Pomare, "I will not mix your angry bamboos with the missionary oil; take them away."

The man returned with his bamboos, much mortified at the disgrace of being refused, but I do not know whether he was sensible of his sin.

The preaching of the word was, however, often much blessed to the consciences of the people. Once Mr. Nott preached a sermon on the words, "Let him that stole, steal no more." In the sermon he said, it was a duty to return things that had formerly been stolen.

The next morning, when he opened his door, he saw a number of natives sitting on the ground around his dwelling. He was surprised to see them there so early, and asked them the reason of their coming. They replied, "We have not been able to sleep all night; we were at chapel yesterday, and heard you say from the word of God, that Jehovah commanded us not to steal; whereas we used to worship Hiro, and to think that he would protect thieves. We have stolen: all these things that we have brought with us are stolen goods."

Then one of the men held up a saw, saying, "I stole this from the carpenter of such a ship." Others held up knives and various tools.

Mr. Nott, who had taught them that it was wrong to receive stolen goods, replied, "What have you brought them to *me* for? Take them home, and wait till the ships from which you stole them, come again, and then return them, with a present besides."

Still the people entreated Mr. Nott to keep the things till they could find the owners.

Some of them, who had stolen some things from a missionary who was now in another island, took a voyage of seventy miles to restore the articles.

When the natives found any property on the ground, such as knives, or tools, they would not keep it themselves. Still, however, there were some thieves, who were punished by the judges, when they were discovered.

This autumn two men were even sentenced to death, for rising up against the king. They were hanged upon a cocoa-nut tree, and then taken down and buried.

The missionaries' wives took much pains to improve the women. They held weekly meetings with them to give them instruction in religion. It was touching to hear the mothers, at these meetings, lament the children they had murdered. Some said that the thoughts of their slaughtered babes tormented them constantly. One of them inquired, "*Ought* I to go to Jesus Christ for pardon? Were any murderers of their own children forgiven?"

They were told that the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin. We read also in the Bible that Manasseh, king of Judah, made his son to pass through the fire, and was forgiven. This instance, perhaps, may have comforted some mothers.

In some of the islands, great changes now took place in the houses and clothes of the natives. Pomare did not like new customs, so that his people did not improve so quickly in these respects, as the natives of Raiatea and Huahine.

In those islands, the people were busily employed in building white cottages. They obtained the white plaster in a singular manner. At a little distance from the shore, beneath the sea, there were immense walls of white coral, called *reefs*. The people brought large blocks of this coral to land upon rafts, and then burnt the coral in pits, filled with wood. The coral crumbled into powder, and dropped to the bottom of the pit; and with this white powder, the natives made plaster for their new houses. They built them of wood, and thatched them with palm leaves. As they had no glass, they were obliged to be satisfied with wooden lattices, and shutters. Most of the houses had rooms only on one floor; but some, belonging to the chiefs, had upper rooms. They were generally surrounded by gardens, or plantations; and a few had verandahs, as a shelter from the heat, or covered balconies, where the inhabitants might enjoy the sea-breezes, and an extensive view. They were as comfortable inside, as they were pretty outside, being furnished with wooden tables and sofas, and the windows hung with white curtains, made of cloth of bark, adorned with a painted border of leaves.

Each native built his cottage on the spot that pleased him best. One, preferring the edge of the sea, erected his on coral blocks, placed beneath the water; another, chose the shade of a grove; and a third, the pure air and fine prospect of the mountain side; but all fixed their abodes near some chapel where a missionary preached, excepting a few who lived on their lands in the valleys. In every village a narrow road skirted the shore, and in many, a coral pier, or path into the sea, was built to assist in landing and embarking.

These beautiful villages now adorned the shores of those islands, where savages once roamed from place to place, lodging at night in open sheds, like beasts of the field.

The natives began also to exchange their loose garments for English dresses. The missionaries' wives took pains to teach the women to make these clothes, and to induce all to wear them.

Mrs. Crook and Mrs. Nott made some loose calico dressing-gowns for Pomare, and afterwards a few of the women made them for their husbands, and then for themselves. Mrs. Ellis made a bonnet of leaves for her little girl, and a hat of plaited leaves for her husband. The women soon learned to plait, and made hats and bonnets, not only of leaves, but also of strips of white bark, and of yellow rushes, and used strips of native cloth, or of bark, for ribands.

Shoes and stockings, coats and shirts, were procured by many natives from the ships, and worn upon particular occasions. Few persons could afford to wear English clothes every day, or could even obtain a complete suit. It was common to see a man with a hat and shoes, without stockings, or a shirt. Sometimes the clothes were put on in a very curious manner. A white shirt has been placed over a long black coat, because the owner was unwilling to hide the shirt by placing it under the coat. The natives, however, soon learned to laugh at such mistakes as this.

The reason that the missionaries encouraged the people to dress in the English fashion was, because it helped to correct one of their chief faults, which was idleness. Food was procured so easily that the natives were not accustomed to labor, and were still disposed to waste much of their time in sleeping and talking.

I have before observed, that Pomare did not like new customs. He did not choose entirely to adopt the English mode of dress, and he placed a native tiputa over the shirt he usually wore. But though he did not like English *fashions*, he still loved English *arts*, and employed much of his time in writing.

He had a little shed built near his great house at Matavai, and he spent whole days shut up there with Mr. Nott, helping him to correct the gospel of

St. John, and the Acts, which Mr. Nott had just translated, and copying them out, while he lay upon his chest on the floor. He took great pains also to compose a dictionary, and collected many thousands of words for the purpose.

Though he was so useful to the missionaries, he continued to grieve them by many great faults in his conduct. He often bought spirits of the sailors that visited the islands, and drank to excess. Yet, strange to say, he would allow no stills in his kingdom, lest his subjects should indulge in drinking spirits. And he continued to have family worship morning and evening, and often sat with twenty attendants around him, reading the Scriptures with them verse by verse, and afterwards either engaged in prayer himself, or asked one of these attendants to undertake the office.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STRANGERS FROM THE SOLITARY ISLE.

As we have been obliged to speak of the faults of king Pomare, it will be the more pleasant to relate some good things that he did. He went to a little island, called High Island, or Raivavai, which was four hundred miles from Tahiti, where he found the people fighting against each other. He entreated the chiefs to be reconciled, and succeeded in persuading them to leave off war, and to cast away their idols, and appointed two excellent natives of Tahiti, whom he had brought with him, to teach the inhabitants. As the people in this island considered Pomare to be their king, he left this command before he departed: "Watch, and see; the man who stirs up war again, let him be put to death."

A few months afterwards a ship came to the island, and the captain was astonished to find the inhabitants crowded into a large chapel, and above a hundred persons, who could not enter, standing outside. He heard that all the inhabitants had abandoned their idols, and had turned some of them into stools for their chapel.

There were many more little islands, which had now abolished the worship of idols, and left off war, through the instructions of native teachers.

The six missionaries who now lived at Tahiti, did not all reside in one place, as the first missionaries had done, but were stationed in different villages.

Mr. Crook was settled at Pa-pe-e-te, a place about eight miles from Matavai. Here also the queen and her sister, and the little princess Aimata, resided, and were in consequence very often with Mr. Crook and his family, to whom they became much attached. Aimata went regularly to school, and improved rapidly. The queen and her sister attended both the school and Mrs. Crook's meetings for the instruction of women. This conduct was pleasing in persons of their high station, and showed humility of mind, that gave hope of increasing piety.

In June a very important event occurred in the royal family. The queen became the mother of a little boy. The king, who usually resided near the Royal Mission Chapel at Papao, came immediately to see his wife and son. He appeared pleased, and expressed his wish that no one but Mrs. Crook should touch the infant: she took it, and dressed it like an English baby. As Mrs. Crook, however, could not always attend to it, the queen's sister became the baby's nurse; though it was generally at the house of Mrs. Crook, who was called its mother, because the king had given her the principal charge of it. Little Mary Crook was also called its mother, because she had been chosen by the queen, according to the

old custom, as her particular friend, and she employed herself diligently in making clothes for the young prince.

You have already heard that the Gospel spread from island to island in the South Seas; but the manner in which it came to one of them is so remarkable, that it must be related.

There was a little island called Ru-ru-tu, that lay so many hundred miles from those where the brethren labored, that it had never even been heard of in them. Though it was only seven miles long, it was so fruitful that six thousand people inhabited it. At length it was visited by a dreadful plague, which mowed down the people like grass, till only three or four hundred remained alive.

Amongst the chiefs of Rurutu, was a young man named A-u-u-ra. He felt a great desire to leave the island, which he feared would soon be his grave. The thought came also into his heart, that in some other land he should hear something good, although he knew not what. Auura persuaded some of his friends to accompany him in a large canoe. His wife also went with him. There were in all twenty-five persons in the canoe, and a good store of food and water. They arrived at length at a heathen island called Tu-bu-ai, a hundred miles off, where they were treated well, and their health was restored. After some time had passed, they set sail to return

to their native island, hoping either to find the plague abated, or to persuade the inhabitants to remove to a happier spot, as they feared that the curse of the gods rested on their country. During their voyage a tempest arose, which drove them out of their course. They rowed day after day, but could see no land: at length their food and their water were spent; they could only refresh themselves with sea-water, and they grew so weak that they often were obliged to suffer their canoe to float idly upon the water, while their terror was increased by the fear lest they should be swallowed up by the evil spirit of the waters. Yet He, who holds the wind in his fists, was guiding their little vessel to a right haven.

After three weeks spent at sea, they saw land. It was one of the Christian islands, and was called Ma-u-pi-ti. The astonishment of the strangers was great to find people dwelling in white cottages, clothed from head to foot, and to see men and women eating together. They now heard for the first time of the unseen God, and they appeared struck with what they heard, and anxious to learn to read. They did not stay at this island, but proceeded to Raiatea, where they were kindly received by Mr. Williams and Mr. Threlkeld. These brethren immediately desired some of the natives to teach the strangers to read. Auura and his wife paid very great attention to all the instructions they received, but some of the

others appeared slothful. Auura asked many sensible questions, and expressed a great desire to return to his own land to tell his poor dying countrymen the wonderful news of a Saviour; for he was one of those "strangers" of whom God says in the eighteenth psalm, "As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me." God seems to have prepared his heart by the Holy Spirit to receive the Gospel with gladness.

In a few months Auura could both read and write, and was ready to return to his own land; but he could not venture to make so long a voyage in the canoe in which he had arrived.

At this time a ship visited the island. It was the *Hope*, commanded by Captain Grimes. The captain kindly offered to take Auura and his companions back to the island of Rurutu.

When Auura heard this proposal he was delighted. Only one thing grieved him, he felt he was not fit to instruct the people of Rurutu; and yet how could he hope that a teacher would accompany him to his distant land? But though the missionaries could not go with him themselves, they determined to see whether any other persons would accompany the strangers. That evening they sent for all the people who professed openly to love Christ by taking the Lord's supper, and inquired whether any would go and dwell in Rurutu. Two natives arose, and said, "Here are we; send us." Their names were Ma-

he-me-ne and Pu-na. The missionaries agreed to send them, as well as their wives and little children, for one of them had two children.

That whole night these two good men spent in preparing to leave their native land, in order to sail next morning.

There was another plan that the missionaries had formed. They wished to learn the way to Rurutu; so they asked the captain to tie one of their boats to his ship, and they desired some of the natives to go with the ship, and to return in the boat. By this means they hoped the natives would learn the way to Rurutu, so that they should be able to send men to it whenever they pleased.

This was a busy night indeed. Every body in the chapel went home to find some present to give the native missionaries at parting. One brought a razor, another a knife, another a roll of cloth, another a few nails. The missionaries gave spelling-books, and, what was most valuable of all, a few copies of St. Matthew's Gospel, which Mr. Davies had translated. As there was some difference between the language of Rurutu and of the Christian islands, it was difficult for Auura to understand the books, but he could make out the meaning with pains. It was intended that other books should soon be written.

Early in the morning the missionaries and many of the people prayed in the chapel with those who

were going to depart, and then accompanied them to the ship.

How anxious the people left behind were to know whether Auura would find any of his countrymen living, and whether he would be able to persuade them to turn from idols to the living and true God.

On July the 5th they parted from the strangers. On August the 9th they beheld the boat that the captain had taken in tow returning. And what do you think it brought with it? Some prisoners, deaf, dumb, blind, lame, who having eyes saw not, and having ears heard not—the frightful idols of Rurutu.

Besides these, the boat brought letters from Mahe-mene to Pomare, and also from Auura. The missionaries knew, from seeing the idols, that these letters contained good news. However, they were anxious to know the particulars. The men also who returned in the boat, related many things that had happened. I will give you a short account of them.

When Auura and his companions first reached Rurutu, the people were much surprised to see them, for they thought they had been eaten up by the evil spirit of the waters. Auura on his part was glad to find that his countrymen had not all perished by the plague. The king of the island was a youth about seventeen years old. He received Auura kindly, and permitted him to hold a great meeting

of the inhabitants very soon after the arrival of the boat.

You know why Auura wished such a meeting to be held. He wanted to propose to the people giving up their idols. One circumstance had already occurred which had made the people doubt the power of their idols.

The teachers, on first landing, had accidentally knelt down, to return thanks to God, upon a part of the shore sacred to Oro; and yet had not died, as the people had expected. They and some others had afterwards eaten upon a sacred spot, and the women had eaten *with* their husbands, and had partaken of hog and turtle. The Rurutans looked earnestly at them, as the barbarians once did at Paul, expecting some to have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly; but when they saw no harm come to them, they thought that the gods would come in the night and kill them, and one man actually went that night to inquire whether Auura's wife was still alive. But when in the morning they found the new-comers all well and safe, they began to suspect that they themselves had been deceived by the evil spirit.

In this frame of mind they assembled according to Auura's request.

Auura spoke first. He said, "Friends, this is my desire, and therefore am I come back to this land, that you may know the name of the Son of God,

and the work of the Holy Spirit in enlightening our hearts, and the mercy of God towards us. This is my desire: Let the evil spirit be this instant cast into the fire; is it agreeable to you, kings and chiefs? Shall we burn the evil spirit even now? Shall we overthrow his kingdom? Let us no more worship him. Let him have no more reign in our hearts. Let the government of these little lands become Jehovah's." Then Auura proposed that they should all, both men and women, assemble and eat together in one place, and see whether they should really die, as the evil spirit had said.

The king and chiefs consented to this proposal, and replied, "We are glad because of your saying, 'Burn the evil spirits in the fire.'" They also expressed their great surprise when they were told that they had souls within them. Auura then asked them to promise to be kind to the two teachers; and the king and chiefs promised that they would.

There were, however, two men in the assembly, who did not like the idea of burning the gods. One of them spoke in a deceitful manner, saying, "We will hold the good word," not meaning to do so.

The other boasted, that he could fly up into the sky; but Auura answered him, "Do fly up, let us see you flying up immediately:" then he added, "The people of Rurutu have been completely destroyed through *thee*, and through *thee* alone, and now thou

shalt not deceive us again. We know the true God. Begone! If the Son of God stood in our presence, thou wouldst be ashamed.”

The two teachers then spoke very affectionately to the people. Puna concluded his speech with this awful warning: “Should you not listen to this word, you will die, and you will bear the wrath of God, and you will be led by the evil spirit you have now cast away, into the fire of hell; but if you regard the word and name of the Son of God, you will by that means be saved.”

The next day the people met together to eat, according to agreement; but, though they ate in a sacred place, and though women ate with men, and partook of hog and turtle, no harm followed. The people would, no doubt, have been afraid of making the experiment, if God had not prepared them for it, by letting them see others escape unhurt.

That very evening the people burnt their idols and their temples. They spared, however, a few of the idols, that they might send them in triumph to the Christian islands. Auura and the teachers soon began to instruct them about the true God, and his Son the Lord Jesus, and to teach them to read. Auura was so diligent, that he even went from house to house, morning and evening, to pray in many of the families, because they knew not how to pray themselves.

Such was the wonderful account that the letters from Rurutu contained. The missionaries in Raiatea were anxious both to return public thanks to God, and to let all the natives hear the joyful news. They assembled one evening in the chapel, when three of the natives who were called deacons, because they helped the minister, held up the idols in the pulpit, before the congregation. One of these was hollow, and filled with a quantity of little gods, and with the points of spears. There was great rejoicing in Raiatea that evening, but surely not so great as among the angels of heaven.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DEATH OF POMARE II.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1821, Pomare was attacked with a dropsy, which threatened his life. He determined, therefore, for the benefit of his health, to sail round the island of Eimeo; but gaining no benefit from his voyage, he removed to Papeete in Tahiti, where Mr. Crook, who understood medicine, lived. The king did not reside upon the shore, but in a very little round island opposite the harbor, where he and some of his chiefs had houses beneath the shade of the tall cocoa-nut trees. By the desire of the brethren, a day was appointed for fasting and prayer for the king's recovery.

As soon as the sun arose on that day, Mr. Crook and several chiefs visited the king, and prayed with him around his bed. Afterwards, there were services held in the chapel. The king's dropsy, however, increased. On the 7th of December, Mr. Crook heard that Pomare had just had a fainting-fit. He hastened to him, and found him sensible, and able to understand a few sentences about God and his soul. As the king soon revived a little, Mr. Crook returned home. In the evening Pomare fainted again, and Mr. Crook was again sent for. Mr. Crook then said

to him, "I would gladly do for you what I can, but I fear my best will be of little avail. You have indeed been a great sinner, but Christ is a great Saviour, and none but Jesus can help you now." Pomare replied, "None but Jesus." These were his last words. He then fell into a kind of stupor. The queen and her sister hung over him, weeping aloud. One of his cousins also wept bitterly, but his little daughter Aimata did not appear much moved. Mr. Crook sat at the foot of the bed with the young prince in his arms, mournfully watching the king's countenance. At eight o'clock that evening, Pomare ceased to breathe.

Mr. Crook then knelt down with the afflicted family, and offered up a short prayer. Immediately afterwards a general weeping began, and cries of, "Alas, alas, our king!" The queen and her sister repeated, in a singing tone, "'Twas he who brought us hither, and now, alas, alas, for the children." Each person who stood near, uttered some mournful words in a singing tone, describing his own loss in particular, while tears rolled down his cheeks.

A coffin was made for Pomare, and a small house was built for a tomb, near the Royal Mission Chapel. Four days after the king's death, his body was placed in this small white dwelling, beneath the shade of spreading trees. All the missionaries were present, and a multitude of people. Mr. Nott addressed the

people at the grave, and Mr. Henry prayed over it that God would bless the event to those who still lived.

Thus died Pomare II., at the age of forty-seven years.

Every one who has read this history must already be acquainted with his character. He possessed good abilities, great perseverance, and a fondness for study; he was of a stubborn and reserved temper, and was disposed to pride, covetousness, deceit, and intemperance; but the most odious part of his natural character was his *treachery*. He had, however, been a friend to the missionaries, and a blessing to his people; he appeared to believe the word of God himself, and *persuaded* many, while he *forced* none, to turn from idols. The last day will show whether he was a child of God; for the numerous faults that appeared in him to the last, rendered it doubtful to whom he belonged.

A pious chief, named Hautia, said, after Pomare's death, "I could not sleep all night for thinking of Pomare. I was like a canoe rocking on the stormy waves, which cannot rest. I thought of his body, and I said in my heart, '*That* is dead, and will be in the grave; but his *soul*, where is it?'"

How many kings and common people, as Pomare himself once observed, had sunk into the grave without having heard of Christ. But God showed

great mercy to Pomare, and sent to him the news of a Saviour.

How sad it was that one who had received such singular favors, should have continued in bondage to many sins. The force of old habits of iniquity must indeed have been stronger than we can imagine. Yet it was not too strong for God's Spirit to overcome, if Pomare had diligently sought for help.

There were, however, some parts of his character pleasant to reflect upon. His attention to God's word, his respect for God's ministers, and his zeal for the spread of the Gospel, lead us to hope that the root of the matter was in him, and that when multitudes shall flock from the ends of the earth, Pomare shall come from the islands of the south to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.

It was feared by many that much confusion would arise in the kingdom, in consequence of the death of Pomare. None, however, did arise. The people accepted Pomare's little son, who was a year and a half old, as their king. As so young a child could not govern, several chiefs had been appointed by Pomare, before he died, to govern in his stead. One of these had more authority than the rest. He was an old man, named Ma-nao-nao. He behaved in an oppressive manner, claiming many gifts from the people.

• The young king was called Pomare III., as he was the third of that name who had reigned over Tahiti.

He was entirely committed to the care of his aunt, Pomare Vahine, who seemed fit for the charge. She had lately been admitted to the Lord's supper, and was both more correct in her conduct, and more amiable in her manners, than the child's mother.

Mr. Nott came over every Sunday from Matavai, to preach in the Royal Mission Chapel, which was only four miles off; and he promised to come and live near it, as soon as a house was built for him, and to undertake the education of the little king.

Pomare Vahine often took the child to another house belonging to her, near Mr. Crook at Papeete. The little king was very fond of Mr. Crook's family, which consisted of nine children, and with whom he had been a great deal ever since he was born. From being so much with them, he soon began to speak English. He also appeared to like English people better than natives, and to prefer their food and all their ways. The missionaries were glad to observe this taste, because they hoped, that when he was older, he would delight in the things they would teach him, and hate all heathen customs. The late king Pomare had never cast off some of them; for instance, he never permitted a woman to eat in a house where he had been. The missionaries were sorry to perceive that the servants of the little king

had some heathen ideas: for once when the child touched with his foot some fruit that was lying on the ground, the servants said, "It must not be eaten, throw it away;" because they thought that the king, by touching it, had made it sacred. It is very long before a nation can get rid of superstition, and follow no rule but the word of God.

Many natives from the converted islands had already visited heathen islands; but none had yet gone so far as the Marquesas, which were a thousand miles off, and were inhabited by a very wild race. Mr. Crook had lived among them in his youth, and had been obliged to leave them in a year and a half. To these islands the missionaries were anxious to send two native teachers. An opportunity of conveying them occurred at this time, for a ship called the Mermaid touched at Huahine, and offered to take any persons to the Marquesas.

A meeting to consult upon the subject was held in the chapel at Huahine. An excellent man, named Hautia,* was regent of the island; for the queen of the island, Pomare Vahine, lived at Tahiti. Hautia sat in the chair at this meeting. The missionaries first arose, and made speeches on the subject of choosing two natives for the Marquesas.

Afterwards Auna rose—an excellent man, yet once

* Hautia was the man who had compared himself to a canoe upon the waves, when uneasy on account of Pomare's soul.

a priest of Hiro, the god of thieves. His form was noble, and his countenance beamed with benevolence and joy

He hesitated before he spoke. Auna did not often hesitate. It was plain that he had something to say that lay very near his heart, and that he scarcely could utter. This was the substance of his speech : "It is a good thing to send the word of God to those who are in the same state that we once were. I have a little speech to make—if I and my wife might be so favored as to be sent to the heathen ; but perhaps we are not worthy." Auna then sat down with great humility.

Hautia the regent then rose, and said, "Auna is the man to go." Others exclaimed, "Auna is the man." The whole assembly agreed that Auna and his wife were fit persons for the work, for they were not only good, and able to teach the knowledge of God, but the wife could instruct the heathen women in plating bonnets and making clothes, and thus render them industrious. A man who had such a wife as Auna, was called a two-handed man.

Another man named Mattatore, and his wife, were chosen by the whole assembly to accompany Auna. It only remained for Hautia to express his wish upon the subject. The congregation looked towards him, and were surprised to perceive him still silent and full of sadness. At length he rose, and with a meek-

ness and humility which appeared very lovely in this noble and majestic chief, said, "I have a little speech, because a thought has grown up in my heart, and in the heart of my wife, Hautia Vahine. But perhaps it is not a good thought; yet I must speak it, and this is our thought. If the missionaries and the church of Huahine think that I and my wife are fit to be companions for Auna and his wife, and to go and teach the good word of God to those idolatrous people, who *are* as we *were*, we should be rejoiced to go; but perhaps we are not worthy, and others may be much better suited for the blessed work; yet we should love to go."

The whole assembly were astonished at hearing this proposal. Was it indeed true that this great chief, who was almost a king, desired to become a teacher of savages? Was he willing to leave the people who esteemed him, and live among those who would despise him; to forsake his comfortable dwelling for a strange land? It is said in the parable of Jotham, Judges 9, that the olive-tree would not leave his fatness, nor the fig-tree his sweetness, even to reign over the trees; but this man was willing to forsake all, that he might be the servant of Christ.

Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet, gentlemen, who had been sent out from England to visit the islands, were much delighted by this proof of love to the Redeemer. One of them arose and addressed the noble pair,

through an interpreter. He told them that their wish was good, but that, like David's wish to build the temple, it must be denied; for that they were so useful in Huahine, that they could not be spared.

Hautia appeared disappointed at this reply, and with much feeling answered, "Since you say so, perhaps it is the Lord's will that we should not go to the Marquesas, but stay in Huahine; perhaps we may serve God better here: be it so, and yet I wish it had fallen to me and my wife to go."

Auna and Mattatore then came forward, and knelt at the table before the pulpit. Mr. Ellis then prayed that God would fit them for the undertaking, and afterwards Mr. Barff delivered to them a solemn charge. The service was concluded with singing and prayer. Though the people loved Auna and his companions, yet they were willing to part with them for so holy a purpose as preaching the knowledge of the Saviour among the heathen.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

WHILE some of the natives of the South Seas were crossing the ocean to spread the Gospel, those at home were not unmindful of the blessed cause. In Tahiti and the neighboring islands there were yearly meetings or anniversaries of the Missionary Society held every May.

The anniversary held at the Royal Mission Chapel this year was particularly interesting, on account of the presence of the little Pomare, who was not quite two years old. He was chosen president of the society instead of his father, and was therefore placed in the chair, being held in the arms of a chief named Hitote. It was delightful to behold a royal infant in such a situation. What throne could become him so well as the seat in which he was placed for the purpose of advancing the kingdom of Him who had given him a kingdom, and who is himself the King of kings? Who cannot but desire that every monarch, both young and old, in every country beneath the sun, occupied such a post? The day, however, shall come when all kings shall fall down before the Son of God, and count it the highest honor to do him honor. Ps. 72 : 11.

The account of the contributions made by the people during the year, was read aloud by the Upaparu. Though nearly ten thousand bamboos* of oil had been subscribed, besides twenty-four pigs, two hundred and sixty-seven balls of arrowroot, and one hundred and ninety-one baskets of cotton, yet the chiefs regretted that the amount had not been greater, and one of them observed in his little speech, "Where do we lay out our strength? Is it for God, or the devil? For this world, or the next?"

Parents in former times did not correct their children, but now they took much pains with their disobedient children. One father, who had a very rebellious son, after reproving him, placed him in a basket in the roof. A missionary who entered was surprised to see legs hanging down from the ceiling, and was then told that a boy was in the basket, and would be taken down by and by.

There were many rebellious young people in the islands, who committed crimes for which they were brought before the judges.

Mr. Bennet and Mr. Tyerman were present on one of these occasions, and have given the following account of it.

The court of judgment they visited was under a large spreading tree, near the chapel at Papetoai n Eimeo. Around the tree long benches were placed,

* A bamboo contains nearly three quarts.

on which thirty chiefs, who were judges, sat. The chief judge was distinguished from the rest by a bunch of black and red feathers in his straw hat. In other respects he was clothed, like the rest, in handsome native clothing. The criminals were two young men accused of stealing breadfruit. They were led in, and desired to sit on the ground beneath the tree. The judge rose, and calling upon the young men also to stand up, told them that they were certainly guilty, for they had been detected in the theft, and represented to them how great a fault they had committed.

One of the young men immediately confessed his guilt, and owned that he had persuaded his companion to join with him in the theft.

It was pleasing to hear this frank confession. Such confessions were usually made by the guilty, so that witnesses were seldom necessary. The chief judge consulted with the other chiefs respecting the punishment to be inflicted on the youths, and then sentenced them each to build twenty-four feet of wall round a royal garden of taro. The culprits were asked whether they agreed to the sentence, and they replied that they did.

The usual punishment for theft was to restore four times as much as the value of the thing stolen, but the judges were allowed to appoint any other punishment, if they thought fit. This was a defect in

the laws, as it sometimes led people to think they were unjustly treated. Criminals were also allowed to receive the assistance of their friends in performing the tasks appointed them. A son was often helped by his father in his work, and a young chief by his companions.

Very strange punishments were sometimes inflicted upon offenders. In the island of Raiatea, two deep pits were once dug on the side of a hill; each was about fifteen feet deep, and was smaller at the top than at the bottom, so that it appeared impossible to climb up the sides. A woman who had run away from her husband and got herself tattooed, was put in one of these pits, and the man who tattooed her in the other. They were told they must remain there till they asked forgiveness, and promised to return to their duty. While they continued in the pits, they were fed on a little breadfruit and water.

At the end of two days, some loose earth falling upon the woman, she thought a spirit was coming to torment her, and by making very great efforts she contrived to escape from her prison, and returning home, asked her husband to forgive her, which he willingly did. After some time the man also showed signs of sorrow, and was released.

It may be thought hard by some, that people were not allowed to be tattooed, or to tattoo others. But the chiefs had forbidden these practices, for very wise

reasons. They found that when the natives chose to be tattooed, they soon returned to many other of their old heathen habits. Ill-disposed young people were very determined in their resolution to be tattooed, and would have one limb after another thus marked, in spite of a punishment after each offence.

These obstinate offenders were made useful to their country. In Tahiti they, as well as other criminals, began a broad road, that was to be made all round the island. In many places they brought great blocks of coral from the sea to build piers. The same persons might often be seen engaged in these fatiguing labors. It seemed surprising that they should continue in sins that brought upon them such severe toil; but the servants of Satan suffer more in the service of their master, than God's most diligent servants do in his.

The only way to prevent tattooing was at length found to be, having the parts that were marked, disfigured by the skin being taken off, and foul blotches left where beautiful patterns had been pricked in.

A very singular punishment was once inflicted on four men, who were detected in a house with a quantity of the root called ava, which they were going to prepare for drinking. Some men were sent to take away the house from over the heads of the offenders. They unfastened the roof, and carried it away on their shoulders to the house of the chief of

the district. The night was stormy, and the culprits went from house to house imploring shelter, but were everywhere denied, the people telling them they were bad men, with whom they would have nothing to do. At last the outcasts came to the missionaries, and were allowed to take refuge in a shed from the torrents of rain that were descending.

On one occasion Mr. Bennet and Mr. Tyerman observed a man standing outside a chapel in Tahiti. They were informed that he had been in a passion, and had threatened the person who had provoked him to kill him, and deliver him to be eaten by his god. For uttering this curse, the man, by order of the chiefs, was shut out from the congregation for one Sabbath.

A pleasing instance of justice being shown to the poor occurred in Huahine. Little Pomare's mother, the queen, once visited this island, and, wanting some wood, ordered her servants to cut down a breadfruit tree that grew in a poor man's garden. Kings and queens had been brought up to oppress the poor, and to think only of their own pleasure; therefore the queen was surprised when she was desired to appear before the judge the next morning. Trials generally took place at sunrise, when the air was cool. At that time the queen with her train of attendants appeared before the judge, who was sitting beneath the shade of a spreading tree. The

queen took her seat before him upon a fine mat. The poor man began by making his complaint. The judge then turning to the queen, said, "Do you not know that we have laws?"

She replied, "Yes, but I did not know they applied to me."

The judge then asked if it was said in the laws that kings and queens need not obey them.

She answered, "No;" and then sent her servants to fetch a bag of money, which she threw down before the man.

"Stop," said the judge, "we have not done yet." The queen began to weep. "Do you think it was right," continued the judge, "to cut down a tree without the owner's leave?"

"It was not right," replied the queen.

Then the judge asked the poor man what recompense he required.

The man replied, "If the queen is convinced that it was not right to take a poor man's tree without his leave, I am sure she will not do so again. I am satisfied—I require no other recompense."

The people who stood round were pleased with this answer. I believe the queen afterwards sent the poor man a present equal in value to the tree.

It is evident that the natives were rendered much happier by the laws than they could have been without them; for the judges were only a terror to

evil-doers, and protected those who did well. There were, however, many occasions on which the happiness of the people was openly shown. An account of one of these joyful feasts, at which Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet were present, shall be related.

The feast took place in the island of Raiatea, where Mr. Williams and Mr. Threlkeld labored, and where the people had adopted more English customs than in almost any other island.

There was a coral pier erected upon the beach near the missionary settlement. Upon this pier the feast was held. A thousand persons were present. They came from all parts of the island, some in canoes and some on foot, bringing with them both furniture and provisions. At break of day the preparations began. Fresh grass was spread upon the rough coral pavement as a carpet, and a native cloth was stretched above as a shelter from the sun. More than a hundred tables, which the natives brought with them, were placed on the pier, and wooden sofas, and chairs, and stools, were ranged around.

Native cloth, or matting, was used for tablecloths, and various kinds of dinner things were set out. Some few persons had plates and knives and forks from England; but most had only native plates made of leaves, and such spoons as they themselves could make. Fruit and roots were the principal food, though a little baked hog and fish were also

seen. At noon the company sat down to dinner, not omitting to ask a blessing on their plentiful provisions. Mr. Bennet and Mr. Tyerman, with the missionaries and their families, were seated at a table, under an awning, prepared for them, and looked with delight at the happy assembly.

At each table fathers and mothers were surrounded by smiling boys and girls, who once would not have been allowed to eat together, and many of whom would long ago have been buried in the earth, had not the Gospel of salvation been made known. After dinner several chiefs arose, one after another, and reminded the natives of the blessings they enjoyed.

One of them observed, "A few years ago, at a feast, none but kings, or chiefs, or strong men, would have got any thing to eat; the poor, and the lame, and the blind, would have been trampled under foot, and probably killed in the rioting and drunkenness of the feast."

Another chief observed, "This is the reign of Jesus—that was the reign of Satan. Once we used to flee to the mountains to hide ourselves, lest we should be slain as sacrifices to Oro, and we were afraid to return till we heard that a victim had been offered."

A shower of rain coming on in the afternoon, the company left the pier and took shelter among the

trees on the shore. When the rain was over, they returned to drink tea.

It may well be asked, How could they procure tea? A few had obtained a little tea and sugar from the ships, and thought it a very excellent drink, because it was so rare. But even warm water was a luxury to the natives; for, as they had formerly no vessels that could bear the fire, they were once unable to boil water.

Many kettles and frying-pans were produced at teatime. One spoonful of tea was thought sufficient to put in a kettle of water, and sugar alone was used by others, for few persons had both tea and sugar. The chief supply indeed was taken from an immense pan, filled with water, and a little sugar.

The drinking vessels were also curious. No *set* of tea-things was to be seen; but a mixture of teapots, cups, jugs, porringers, glasses, and bottles, with the native drinking-vessel—the cocoa-nut shell.

When tea was over, the assembly began to prepare for their departure by packing up their things; and then, either bearing their tables and sofas on their shoulders, or placing them in their canoes, they returned home, many of them, no doubt, blessing Him who had given them all things richly to enjoy.

From every dwelling the sound of prayer and praise was to be heard ascending, on the evening of this day of innocent pleasure.

Nearly at the same time that this feast was given in Raiatea, an event of importance took place in the royal family of Tahiti, namely, the marriage of the princess Aimata. She was still very young, and would only have been counted a child in England, but in Tahiti she was considered almost grown up. Some time before, a husband had been chosen for her. He was not himself a king, but was descended from an ancient race of kings, who had once reigned in the island of Ta-ha-a. He was an orphan, and had been committed to the care of the pious king who then reigned over Tahaa. It was hoped, that as he had received a Christian education, and appeared well disposed, he would prove a worthy husband for Aimata.

The marriage ceremony took place a few days after their first meeting, and was performed in the chapel at noon. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Barff, the missionaries at Huahine, took their station behind the communion-table before the pulpit. The youthful pair stood opposite, and the friends of each were ranged on either side. Aimata was dressed in an English white gown, with a pink scarf, and a bonnet made of white bark, trimmed with white ribands. The ladies also who attended her were dressed in the English manner; but the chiefs wore their native clothing. A tear was observed in Aimata's eye during the service, and this tear was a sign of feeling which, had she been a

heathen, she would hardly have possessed. But Aimata had often been instructed in the schools, and was aware of the holy nature of a promise. After the vows were made and the blessings pronounced, the marriage was recorded in a book. Guns were then fired by the guards of Hautia, who were now drawn up outside the chapel. The day was concluded by a feast, in which God's name was not forgotten, and in which no rioting and excess were permitted.

How different was this Christian marriage from those of the natives in former times. It is true, the heathen used to pronounce vows of fidelity in their temples, but they never kept them; although the skulls of their forefathers were often brought out and ranged before the young couple, and though their mothers wounded themselves with sharks' teeth, and stained a cloth with their blood mingled together.

The religion of Jesus had banished these horrible ceremonies from these lovely isles, and had brought down upon them unnumbered blessings, both in time and in eternity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CORONATION OF THE LITTLE KING.

THE little king Pomare was not brought up in all respects as the missionaries desired, for though his aunt had the charge of him, his mother sometimes gave directions concerning him. Before the child was three years old, he was carried on the shoulders of a stout man round part of the island, accompanied by his mother, and was instructed by her to beg of his subjects, according to the ancient custom of the Tahitian kings. As he passed by the houses of the natives, he was shown to the people, who came out to see him. The mother took this opportunity of looking into their dwelling, and whatever she saw that she fancied, she desired her child to ask for. Pomare needed only to say, "Hog, plantain, mat, dish," and the thing wanted was joyfully given to him by his dutiful subjects.

The missionaries feared lest the child should acquire covetous habits, like those which had disgraced his father and grandfather.

Sometimes the young monarch was engaged in a manner that delighted the servants of God. You have lately heard how he sat in the chair of the missionary meeting. On another occasion he was present at a scene of a like religious nature.

A new chapel was wanted in Papeete, where Mr. Crook resided, and which was only four miles from the residence of the royal family. It was agreed that little Pomare should lay the first stone in a public assembly. Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet were present at this ceremony, which was performed in the month of June, 1823.

A service was held under the shade of the trees that grew by the sea-shore. Hymns were sung, a prayer was offered, and a sermon was preached by Mr. Crook from the words, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Christ Jesus."

During the service, the congregation, which consisted of a thousand persons, sat upon the green grass. A great many arbors had been constructed of palm-branches, and provisions had been prepared. After the service the people took refreshment in these leafy tents. The royal family, Mr. Crook and his family, and the travellers, dined in a large arbor, from which they had a view of the happy company. The scene must have reminded them of Israel of old, when they kept the feast of tabernacles, sitting in tents made of boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, and boughs of thick trees, rejoicing before the Lord.

Many of the chiefs made speeches that day upon the goodness of God to their nation. They could remember the dreadful deeds that used to be committed at the laying the first stone of a marae; how

the king fixed upon one of the multitude, as a sacrifice, and made a secret sign to his servants to destroy him ; and how in a moment the poor creature was knocked on the head, and hurried into a hole, when a post, or block of coral, was planted upon his warm and bleeding breast, and the earth around was trodden down by the feet of the spectators. Each post, or block of a marae was usually thus founded in blood. Who could remember those days without blessing God for Christian ministers, and exclaiming, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace !"

It was now desired publicly to anoint Pomare king ; but it was thought well to improve the laws and the government before the coronation took place.

Formerly the kings of Tahiti had done whatever they pleased ; but Pomare the Second had made laws, and promised to govern according to them. The chiefs now resolved to improve the government still farther by forming a parliament, in some degree similar to that of England. It was to consist of all the chiefs of Tahiti and Eimeo, and of two persons of a lower rank from each division of those islands. These two persons were to be chosen every three years by the people in each division.

The chiefs, and the persons chosen by the people, were to meet together in one house every year, and

to make laws, and to determine on all that was right to be done : but they were to do nothing without the consent of the king, or of the regent, while the king was a child.

The missionaries did not wish to interfere with this parliament ; for their business was not with the affairs of the world, but only with the word of God, and the souls of men : still, they were willing to give their counsel when it was desired.

This parliament first met in February, 1824. Mr. Nott was particularly requested to preside. He consented to sit in the chair, and to give advice when consulted, but he refused to do more. Some other missionaries were present, as well as Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet.

One of the chief faults in the old laws was the power left with the judge to punish many offences in the manner he thought best. This defect was corrected in the new laws, and a particular punishment was assigned to each different kind of offence.

Some chiefs were desirous to alter the punishment for murder and rebellion. They did not like that death should be inflicted upon men, because it took away the opportunity for repentance ; therefore they proposed that murderers and rebels should be banished to a desert island, called Palmerston's Isle, or to some other similar place.

There were many islands that lay far apart by

themselves in the wide ocean, and from which no criminal could escape in any boat that he would be able to build. In these he might live upon coconuts and water, and have opportunity in his solitude to think of his sins, and to ask for a new heart. The chiefs thought that bad men would be more alarmed at this punishment than at death itself, while in reality it would be more merciful.

Still, it must not be supposed that many persons had been hitherto executed. Since the laws had first been made, nearly five years ago, only four men had been put to death. They had all been guilty of rebellion against Pomare, but not of murder. Two had been hanged on one occasion, and two on another. At the last execution, Mr. Crook had attended, and had spoken to the multitude while the bodies were hanging on the pole, between two trees. Yet these executions had not had a good effect upon the natives, but had appeared to harden them.

After a long argument between the chiefs on the subject of the punishment of death, it was decided that it should be abolished.

The parliament spent eight days in consulting together. Each day's business was begun and concluded with prayer, and the behavior of all present was excellent. No one interrupted or contradicted another, nor uttered an angry word, or by his manner appeared to think that he knew more than the rest ;

but each behaved courteously, and spoke modestly and sensibly.

Soon after the meeting of parliament, the coronation of the little king took place. He was now nearly four years old. The day appointed was April 21st, 1824. The place of coronation was a field, where a platform of stones was erected under a high tree, with a lower platform by the side of the first.

On the day of the coronation the people met early at the queen's house, which was about half a mile from the coronation field. The little king was dressed in his coronation robes in Mr. Nott's house, the robes having been made by Mrs. Nott. He was then conveyed to the queen's house, where many were waiting to receive him, and was placed upon a chair, under a canopy of native cloth.

The procession was then arranged. This was the order of it.

A woman and two girls scattering flowers.

Wives and children of missionaries.

Mr. Bennet.	Mahine, a chief judge,	Mr. Nott.
Mr. Henry.	carrying a <i>Bible</i> .	Mr. Tyerman.

Seven missionaries, and son and nephew, in two rows.

A chief judge.	Utami, a chief judge,	A chief judge.
	with copy of the <i>laws</i> .	

A chief judge.	Tati, with <i>crown</i> .	A chief judge.
King's mother	KING,	King's aunts.
and sister.	carried in a chair by four chiefs ;	
	canopy supported by four youths.	

Pomare, chief of Tahaa.

Relations of the royal family, carrying three tables, and phial of oil.

Governors, four in a row.

Judges, four in a row.

Magistrates, four in a row.

A multitude, consisting of eight thousand persons, viewed this procession walk to the appointed field. Among the spectators were the kings and chiefs of Raiatea and Huahine, and the neighboring islands. This was the first Christian coronation that had ever taken place in the South Seas, and it was observed as a pattern for others.

When the procession reached the platforms, the king was placed in his chair on the highest platform, just beneath the tall tree that shaded it, as well as beneath his own little canopy. The three little tables were placed before him. The crown was laid on the middle table, and the Bible and the laws and phial of oil on the tables on each side. Mr. Davies sat close by the little monarch, to answer for him when addressed.

The royal family surrounded him, and the missionaries, their wives and children, and the chief judges, sat at a little distance from them.

On the lower platform, the governors and lesser judges were stationed, and around it their wives and children and the magistrates were arranged.

When all was in readiness, the coronation service was begun by Mr. Darling giving out a hymn suitable for the occasion. After the singing, Mr. Crook offered up a prayer, and Mr. Nott gave an address to the people. In the address, Mr. Nott pointed out to the people the duty of obedience to the king they

now publicly acknowledged, and he read over the laws to them, asking them to hold up their hands to show their approbation of them.

When Mr. Nott had concluded his discourse, and had placed the laws again upon the table, Mr. Bennet presented them to the king, while Mr. Wilson addressed the following words to him: "Do you promise to govern your people in justice and mercy, in obedience to the word of God, and these laws, and any other laws that the parliament may agree upon, with your consent?"

Mr. Davies then directed Pomare to reply, "I do, God being my helper."

Mr. Henry then took the oil from the table, and poured some upon the head of the king, at the same time observing that the oil represented the Holy Spirit's power, which only could enable him to act like a Christian prince. Mr. Davies then prayed that God's Spirit might rest upon the king, and pronounced a blessing upon him.

Mr. Nott then took the crown from the table, and put it on the king's head, saying, "May God grant you prosperity, health, length of days, and grace to rule in righteousness, and in the fear of the Lord!"

The people then gave three shouts, saying, "Long live the king! May the king be saved!"

Mr. Tyerman next presented the Bible to the king, while Mr. Darling addressed him in these words:

“King Pomare, we present to you this book, the most valuable thing in the world. Here is wisdom ; this is the royal law ; these are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this book, and keep and do the things contained in it ; for these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

Mr. Jones now gave out another hymn, and Mr. Wilson concluded with prayer for the king, the nation, and the church of God.

A man now proclaimed pardon to all who were under punishment from the law, permitting the banished to return, and the prisoners to be set free.

The coronation being now ended, the procession descended from the platforms, and walking in the same order as before, proceeded to the Royal Mission Chapel. The little king sat in the chair of state in his pew, but the crown was taken from his head and placed on the little table before him. The other tables, with the laws and Bible, were also placed in the king's pew. The royal family sat with the king in his pew.

When public worship was over, the procession went to the coronation dinner, which was plentiful, but where no excess was permitted.

Those who had been present at the heathen festivals in honor of kings, could alone tell how differently this coronation was conducted. When the late Pomarc had become a man, he had been declared king according to the heathen fashion; not by being crowned, but by being wrapped in a girdle covered with red feathers; and this ceremony had been attended by the slaughter of men, and had been followed by the worshipping of the king as a god, as he sat in the marae in Oro's wooden bed, between Oro himself and Hiro the son of Oro, and god of thieves.

How happy was this little prince, whose coronation, instead of being stained with blood, was attended by the opening of prison doors, and the sacrifice of the sweet incense of prayer and praise to the living God!

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT BEFELL TAHITI IN THE LATTER DAYS OF THE FIRST MISSIONARIES.

WE have observed God's wonderful dealings with the land of Tahiti for nearly thirty years. But the time is come when we must break off the history. Yet we will not do so without giving a short account of some of the principal events that happened after the coronation of young Pomare.

The little king made great progress in his learning, and showed such good dispositions, that the missionaries fondly hoped that he would become a blessing to his kingdom; but God thought fit to disappoint their expectations. When six years and a half old, he was attacked by a complaint that prevailed in the islands at that time, and became dangerously ill: he was immediately conveyed to Papao in Tahiti, where his mother and aunt resided, and where he lingered for three weeks. His dying struggles were so painful to behold, that his relations threw a cloth over him as he lay in the arms of Mr. Orsmond, his affectionate teacher. In a few minutes they removed the cloth, and found that the spirit of the child had fled.

Thus God cut off with a stroke the desire of many hearts, and the hope of the nation. All eyes were

now directed towards Aimata, his elder sister, who became queen of Tahiti at the age of fifteen. She soon assumed the name of Pomare Vahine, or the female Pomare ; and her aunt, who once had borne that name, was called by another name. The young queen continued to live at Papao, near her father's tomb. Her palace was a neat plastered house, situated beneath the shade of a lovely grove, and consisting of a hall, four rooms on the ground floor, and some above. Mr. Nott continued also to be the preacher at court, but he no longer could preach in the Royal Mission Chapel, as it fell into decay. The part that remained was made into a school, and a very neat oval chapel was built near it.

The queen, however, did not always reside at home ; but was fond, as her father also had been, of making voyages from island to island, and, like her father, was accompanied by a train of the most disorderly persons that could be found in the country. She could read and write well, and was a very bright girl ; but in her youth she was not so serious, nor even steady, as to benefit her subjects by her example.

In outward things the people of Tahiti made great improvement. The road that has been already mentioned, was finished in a few years, chiefly by the labor of persons who were sentenced to do hard work by the judges.

Once it was almost impossible to travel round Tahiti on foot ; sometimes the traveller was obliged to creep by the brink of frightful precipices, along narrow ledges of the rocks that overhung the sea ; sometimes he found his way blocked up by shrubs that grew close to the sea-shore, or interrupted by streams flowing from the mountains, while at every step his feet were wounded by stones, or entangled in the long grass. But the new gravel road, and the narrow bridges made of planks, placed across every stream, enabled a person to go round the island with pleasure, and to view at ease the lovely ocean on one side, and the richly clothed mountains on the other. So beautiful, indeed, were the prospects on each side, especially the glimpses of the fertile valleys, that a traveller might fancy himself passing through a park, rather than along a common road.

Neither were persons now obliged always to go on foot, for most of the chiefs had horses to ride, and even the poorer people were often able to buy one horse. Cows, as well as horses, became common in the islands. Sheep did not prosper, for they were both worried by the dogs and injured by the heat.

The land was much more cultivated than it was formerly. An attempt was made to grow corn, but it did not succeed, for though the ears sprung up, they were found empty at harvest-time, owing to the heat of the climate. The coffee-plant, however,

flourished, and coffee became a favorite drink of the chiefs.

Sugar-canes always grew in the islands, but once the natives did not know how to extract sugar from them. Now that they had learned this art, they made large plantations of them. The chief, Tati, as well as some persons from Europe, made a quantity of sugar, and sold it to the ships.

The cotton-plant was also a native of the island, but of no use till the people had learned how to spin and weave. Mr. and Mrs. Armitage had come from England on purpose to instruct them in these arts. They found them very idle at first, and were obliged to coax them by rewards to learn. After much trouble, they succeeded in teaching the people to weave a coarse kind of calico, which is much stronger than can be purchased from the ships. The natives dye it blue, and are fond of wearing it. A spinning-wheel is also now to be seen in many a Tahitian cottage. Mr. Armitage returned to England, after having spent a few years in various islands of the South Seas.

The natives were also taught by the missionaries to make ropes to sell to the ships, and to prepare arrowroot, quantities of which are now to be purchased in England at a very low price.

It is evident that the people became much more industrious than before ; but though industry is good,

it is often accompanied and disgraced by the great evil of covetousness. This sin led many of the natives to neglect school and chapel. Those who lived at a distance from the missionaries, did not like to leave their lands on Saturday, to be present at the Sabbath services. Such persons seldom came more than once a month, and even those who attended oftener, appeared less attentive than formerly, for they were inclined to think of their property during the service, instead of the unsearchable riches of heaven.

There was another sin which ruined many souls in Tahiti: it was drunkenness. Though the native stills had been long ago destroyed, yet the ships brought spirits in abundance to the shores. As the natives had now much property, the wicked sailors took every means to induce them to exchange it for spirits. They took spirits about the island to sell, and set up shops along the shore.

The missionaries now determined to try to establish Temperance societies in the island, and to engage the people to promise to leave off the use of spirits.

The missionaries were accustomed to meet together every three months to consult about plans for the good of the people. At one of these quarterly meetings, in August, 1833, it was resolved that each missionary, at his own station, would endeavor to per-

suade the people to promise to abstain from drinking spirits. Mr. Nott took a sheet of paper, and wrote down his own name, and soon obtained a hundred others in his district.

The queen, with her principal chiefs, was at this time in Eimeo. Mr. Nott sent a messenger with a letter, entreating her to set an example of temperance to her subjects, and to permit her name to be written down on the paper that he had prepared. She sent a message in reply, desiring Mr. Nott not to be in too much haste, and saying she would consider the subject; but that she thought her aunt, and other chiefs, who took the Lord's supper, ought to write down their names before she wrote down hers.

Very soon both the queen's mother and aunt, and many of the chiefs, permitted their names to be written down, but the queen still delayed to add her own

There was already a great change in the appearance of the people, for drunkards were no longer frequently to be seen staggering along the road. The missionaries felt that the queen's example would induce many more persons to leave off drinking spirits. Their desire to obtain her name was soon gratified. One evening, when Mr. Nott and some of his people were assembled for worship, a messenger entered the chapel—his countenance beamed with joy. He sur-

prised the people present by exclaiming, "Brethren and sisters, rejoice with me." All eyes were fixed upon him. He then added, "I say, rejoice with me, because the queen has given me orders to tell Notty to add her name to those who belong to the Temperance society." This news was received with delight by all. They now thought that no drunkard would dare to show his face in the islands.

Their expectations were not disappointed. A short time afterwards the parliament assembled, and it was then proposed that a law against drunkenness should be made. At last all agreed to the following law :

"If any person in Tahiti is found with even one glass of spirits in his possession, he shall be obliged, if a native, to pay ten hogs ; and if a foreigner, ten dollars, and be banished from the islands."

Some members of the parliament proposed, that people should be allowed to keep a small quantity of spirits by them in case of sickness ; but the greater part objected to this permission, because they knew it would be made use of as an excuse for disobeying the law.

The judges immediately began to make people observe the law. Tati the chief willingly spilt upon the ground a quantity of spirits that he possessed. The spirits in the shops at Papeete, and other places, were seized ; casks and calabashes were dashed to

pieces, and the spirits within poured out. Notwithstanding this law, sailors would sometimes run away from their ships and sell spirits; but when they were discovered, they were punished.

Now that spirits were forbidden, people began again to flock to school and chapel in every place. The queen also expressed her desire that all persons should attend chapel, and that all children should go to school. Most of the people were glad to do what their sovereign wished.

The missionaries were rejoiced to see so many people listening to their instructions, and they offered up earnest prayers to God to send his Spirit from on high to convert those who were unconverted.

Many of the missionaries now felt a burning desire for the salvation of souls. They never entered their pulpits without using all their efforts to persuade the people to flee from the wrath to come. Their labor was not in vain in the Lord.

In the end of the summer of 1835, many people in various parts of the island were converted, especially by the preaching of Mr. Nott at Papao. Some even of the wild men and women of the mountains, who had hitherto been disorderly in their conduct, now began to show a concern for their souls; and many who had once known God, and who had wandered from him, seemed anxious to return to him. At first these people came to Mr. Nott in small par

ties of three or four together ; but soon the number increased, and sometimes even thirty came at once to ask the way to the heavenly Zion. They came at all times of the day, and even at night. They assembled in the chapel, at any hour Mr. Nott appointed, to listen to his instructions.

The heart of this faithful minister was filled with unspeakable joy, and many on earth, as well as in heaven, partook of it ; especially the pious *old* people in his congregation, who had often wept and prayed for the ungodly natives. They came with tottering steps along the beach, each leaning upon a staff, that they might be present while Mr. Nott instructed the newly converted in the chapel. Mr. Nott inquired why they wished to hear things repeated that they had heard so often : they replied, "God has answered our prayers for these people. We remember your sermon on the text, 'Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.' We prayed that he would compel them to come in, and we like to see them coming in. O tell them to give their chief attention to eternal things, and to stand upon the Lord's side. They will understand more quickly than we did, for they learned to read and write, and to understand catechisms long ago, though they have been deceived by the devil, and have neglected their books ; yet they will now learn very quickly." Thus these compassionate Christians re-

joiced over the poor weeping prodigals, who were lost, and now were found.

Among those who were now awakened were some of the noble of the earth, even the queen, her husband, and her mother. They all desired to be admitted to the Lord's supper. The queen and her husband were desired to write to Mr Nott an account of the reasons which made them wish to become communicants. The queen's mother was not desired to write, but to come with other inquirers to the chapel. They were all three soon afterwards permitted to assemble round the table of the Lord.

The queen now showed a great desire that her people should be instructed and converted. She herself condescended to teach poor little girls to read, and thus set an example of humility to all her subjects, and to the queens of every land.

In July, 1836, the queen rejoiced to find that there were only two openly ungodly persons in the whole district of Pare, where she resided.

Mr. Davies was almost as much blessed in his ministry at Papara, as Mr. Nott was at Papao; and many other missionaries, in all the islands, met with great success

Another event caused much joy to the natives. The translation of the whole Bible into Tahitian was now completed. The greatest part of the work had been done by Mr. Nott. It was now his anxious

desire to place the whole Bible in the hands of the natives. He thought it would be best for him to go to England, where learned persons would assist him to correct the translation before it was printed, and where skilful men would print it well and quickly. His affectionate people were unwilling to part with him, but he asked them how he could better spend his few remaining years, and his failing strength, than in helping to give them the word of life.

In February, 1836, Mr. Nott, accompanied by his wife, set sail for England. He had, a few years before, visited his native country with the translation of the New Testament, but now he felt that he was visiting it for the last time.

He was the only one of the missionaries who first sailed in the Duff, that was still living and laboring in the South Seas, except Mr. Henry. How delightful he now found it to behold the fruits of his life of toil. How different were those people, with whom he was now parting for a time, from those ignorant and miserable savages, among whom he had come to dwell forty years before !

When he arrived in England he presented his translation to the directors of the London Missionary Society, who caused three thousand copies to be printed immediately and sent to Tahiti. Mr. Nott remained in England about two years. He appeared in Exeter Hall at the great meeting of the London

Missionary Society in 1838, and was received with the affection and veneration due to a man who had hazarded his life for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Acts 15 : 26. He showed to the assembly a copy of the Tahitian Bible, and told them that he bade them a *last*, though not an *everlasting* farewell, before his return to Tahiti.

Mr. Henry, though suffering much from the effects of old age and toil, and the sultry air of the South Seas, cannot be persuaded to forsake his beloved flock to dwell in a more refreshing climate. He fears lest the wolf should enter in and destroy them, and, therefore, with his wife and children, spends his latter years in watching for their souls.

Having now followed the faithful missionaries through a long life of labor, let us stop an instant and contemplate the happiness they enjoy in the evening of their days. They look around, and behold the children of Satan become the children of God, through their preaching. They share the joy of Christ, who in heaven rejoices over the souls he purchased with his blood. These missionaries have not indeed suffered the wrath and curse of God, as Christ did, from love to sinners ; but they have forsaken all, and borne shame, and endured toil, and exposed their lives, and they have not lost their reward ; neither *shall* they lose it.

And now let me speak a word to those young per-

sons who have had the patience to accompany me through the tedious, though well-rewarded labors of the missionaries. Do you think it enough to admire their perseverance, or even to rejoice at their success? Is there no other effect which these events ought to have upon our minds? There are still numerous dark corners of the earth, or rather I should say, the earth still lies in darkness, and there are only a few bright spots to be seen upon it. You were astonished at the cruelty of the Tahitians in murdering their infants, and torturing their enemies; but how would your ears tingle at the account of the barbarous deeds which are even *now* committed in heathen lands?

I know that many a youthful and compassionate heart is grieved at hearing of these horrible practices; but it is not to cause pain that I allude to them. Could nothing be done to stop these atrocious customs, it would be better that they should never be mentioned. But something may be done. Where the Gospel is preached and believed, there Satan, the author of all cruelty, loses his power.

But perhaps some inquire, "Can we, who are so young and inexperienced—who have no power, and little property—can *we* send the Gospel to the heathen?"

Yes, even *you* may bear a part in the blessed work. There are, even now, such men in the world as those

missionaries of whom you have been reading, whose hearts are stirred up within them at the thought of the misery of the poor pagans, and who are willing to cross the ocean and to spend their days among savages. Your slender offerings will assist to supply them with food and raiment in those barbarous lands.

O that all who are in the bloom of youth, would begin without delay to be the servants of God. It is those who have devoted their *whole* lives to God, who have been the instruments of the greatest good in the world. Martin Oberlin, through whose labors the inhabitants of five French villages were made partakers of the blessings of the Gospel, passed sixty years among them. It was in the morning of their days that Mr. Nott and Mr. Henry devoted themselves to that service which has filled hundreds of islands with peace and joy.

But though *we* should neglect to serve God, or to honor him, or to pray to him, yet his kingdom *must* come; for he has said, "I will gather all nations and tongues, and they shall come and see my glory." Isaiah 66 : 18.

How sad it is, that when Christ has purchased with his blood an inheritance for the heathen, they should live and die in ignorance of it.

Now hear a little parable. A certain man lived all his days in pinching poverty, and at last actually

perished with hunger. After he was dead, it was discovered that a great sum of money had once been left him, but that he had never been told of his good fortune. It was a rich man who had left him this money, and with his dying breath he had strictly charged his relations who surrounded his bed, to seek for this poor man, and to convey to him, with their own hands, the valuable gift. He had said to his relations, "I have not forgotten you in my will: I have left you more than you can need—you will never miss the sum I have bequeathed to our poor neighbor." But though it was true that every one of the relations was amply provided for, they were too much engrossed with their own ease and pleasure to take the trouble to visit the poor man, or even to send a messenger to inform him of the legacy. If these selfish relations should ever hear of the sad fate of that famished man, they would feel many a pang of conscience at the recollection of their own conduct; their sleep would be sometimes troubled by the thought of his expiring agonies, and his emaciated body, and they would fancy they saw their departed friend frowning upon them, and reproaching them with their neglect.

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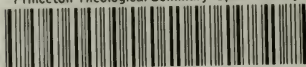
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